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THE SESSION TO EASTER.

PARLIAMENT rests from its labours after two months of continuous hard work. Superficially its hard work seems to have been hard work of the kind which consists in doing nothing with much pomp and zeal. But it really has been doing something that is very important to the nation, and, if possible, still more important to itself. It has been playing a conspicuous part in the great contest whether the House of Commons or magazines, provincial editors, and mass meetings are to govern the country. Three great subjects—Ireland, Mr. BRADLAUGH, and the *clôture*—have engaged its attention, and on all these subjects the House of Commons has strenuously and successfully vindicated its claim to stand as the ultimate tribunal of appeal. The only instrument at the command of the House of Commons for vindicating this claim is discussion followed by a vote. That the House of Commons can give practical effect to its opinions by coming to a vote which more or less binds the nation is a necessary element of its authority. But it is only one element, and by no means the most important. The debate is worth much more than the vote. The House of Commons holds its supreme position because it is the organ by which national opinion finds its best and final expression. If the House merely voted, and after a hollow semblance of discussion registered the decrees of magazine writers, provincial editors, and mass meetings, our respect for it would be not so much diminished as destroyed. Even of the House of Lords much the same thing may be said. Its votes are occasionally of great national importance; but the continuous weight it has in public affairs is derived much less from its power of voting than from the knowledge diffused through the nation that, when the Lords do debate, their debates are in the very highest style as regards both matter and form. At the instance of some of its younger members, the Upper House has lately made an arrangement for going home, not to dinner, but to afternoon tea. The light shafts of ridicule which such an arrangement is calculated to provoke play idly on the House of Peers. The public knows that it debates seldom, and if it is not going to debate, the public is perfectly indifferent what meal induces it to break up. But the public also knows that when the House of Peers does debate, it handles its subject with fulness, with gravity, and with dignity. Debate is the life of the English Parliament, the secret of its strength, the foundation of its credit. In the two months that have passed the Government has done little or nothing except furnish occasions of debate; but the House of Commons has done much because it has seized on these occasions, and has discussed the subjects assigned it thoroughly, effectively, and conclusively. What subjects it has assigned it seems almost a matter of accident. When the Government of the day has what Lord ROSEBERY calls a business fit on it, debate is concentrated on some one or more of the Government's legislative proposals. When, as now, the Government is in a very unbusinesslike frame of mind questions still come to the front which are the questions of the day, although not immediately connected with legislative proposals. If the accidental questions of the day are of serious importance and interest, the House of Commons, to retain its supremacy, must show that it can discuss them with an exhaustiveness and a power which irresponsible

individuals and fortuitous assemblages cannot rival. This has happened in the two months that have passed. Serious, important, interesting questions have been raised and have been discussed as they could not possibly have been discussed outside Parliament. The Government may have wasted its time, but Parliament has not; and the credit of Parliament is a matter of much deeper concern to the nation than the credit of any Government that ever existed.

It is the Government itself that has created the occasions of debate during the last two months. It is evident that, if the Government had contented itself with a protest against the action of the Lords in appointing a Committee of Inquiry into the working of the Land Act, there would never have been a debate in the Commons, which was nothing else than a sharp and searching inquiry into the very thing that, in the opinion of the Government, was beyond inquiry. It is equally evident that all the troubles brought on the Government by Mr. BRADLAUGH have arisen from its own want of common sense and firmness in not dealing with the matter decisively when the first Committee of the Commons decided, perfectly rightly, that, under the existing law, an atheist cannot affirm. In the same way, it has been made clear that, if the Government had shaped its proposal for the termination of debates so as to affix a natural and logical meaning to the evident sense of the House, scarcely any opposition would have been excited. But Ministerial blunders may have indirect and unforeseen uses. The debates for which the Government created the occasion have been very profitable debates. They have cleared up issues which would otherwise have remained in obscurity. They have instructed the public on matters as to which the nation needed much instruction. The public has a confused idea that the question at stake in Mr. BRADLAUGH's case is whether the existing law ought to be so changed that atheists who say they are atheists shall be allowed to sit in Parliament. No such question has ever been raised. This was never the contention of the Government, and nothing but debate could have shown what the contention of the Government really was. No speculation could have anticipated any contention so extraordinary as that which debate showed to be the contention of the Government. Sheer and unbounded astonishment was the only feeling excited when it was found that the Government solemnly asserted that an atheist ought to be allowed to go through the solemn religious form of an oath, invoking a Deity whose existence he denied to be the witness of his sincerity in order that, not the House of Commons, but a court of law, might decide whether this mockery was a compliance with the statute. In the same way nothing but debate could have disclosed the astounding fact that the two leading Ministers in the House of Commons understood the first of the new Rules of Procedure in senses diametrically opposite, and that its obscure verbiage covered equally the *clôture* of Lord HARTINGTON and the *clôture* of Mr. GLADSTONE. Which is the better kind of *clôture*, and whether either of them ought to be adopted, are questions that cannot be discussed without going over the whole ground covered by the debate. What is important to notice in reference to what Parliament has done this Session is that the debate not only covered the whole ground it ought to have covered but disclosed the secret of the discrepancy of Ministerial opinion

Of all its contributions to public enlightenment, the inquiry by the Commons into the working of the Land Act was the most timely and the most valuable. It showed how the Land Act is working and where it is not working. It proved that the Act is not a total failure. There are incontestably some tenants—few, but still some—who are not sufficiently in fear of being murdered to refuse taking advantage of its provisions. The debate also showed that the Act must have a new and very strong push given it if it is to do much in any reasonable space of time. But the time spent in inquiring into the Land Act is only a fraction of the time devoted to Irish questions during the last two months. Ireland, like the poor, is always with us. Coercion has been necessarily reviewed, denounced, or defended, and at last Mr. FORSTER has owned that the kind of coercion he devised and has worked has failed. The American-Irish and the No-Rent men have been too much for him. The immense gravity of the state of things in Ireland has been recognized, not only by Parliament, but by the Ministry. The last speech made by Mr. GLADSTONE before the recess was not inaptly described by a subsequent speaker as a cry of despair. It was the close of all the rose-coloured sketches of current Irish history which the Ministry has been in the habit of drawing. It may be hoped that it will also prove to be the close, for the present at least, of the habit of treating the Government of Ireland as the sport of English parties. Even in the depths of his despair, Mr. GLADSTONE could not refrain from pausing to point out that, if the present Ministry has failed to appreciate the gravity of the social rebellion in Ireland, the last Ministry was equally blind. No dispute is now more futile and inopportune than the dispute as to the balance of past errors between the two English parties. It is eclipsed by the very danger over which it is waged. What it is right to do now, not what it was wrong to do some time ago, is the thought that fills the mind of all Englishmen, except those who are trying to win a by-election. Nor is it only because we are in the presence of a great danger that Ireland is ceasing to be a party question. It is also ceasing to be a party question because English opinion about Ireland is in a state of perfect flux. No one can imagine what any one else thinks about Ireland. During the last sitting of Parliament before the recess, a Conservative Scotch member proposed the immediate gift of Home Rule to Ireland as a new and original suggestion, which he invited Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to ponder over during the Easter holidays. Mr. W. H. SMITH has given notice that at an early day he will advocate a large extension of the purchase clauses, and he is greeted with a Liberal howl at his inconsistency, because some years ago he disapproved of encouraging the Irish tenant to buy his farm. Even a Conservative may possess enough political sagacity to perceive that different circumstances require different treatment. The state of Ireland is new, and requires new things to be said and new things to be done. Any one of any party who can say new things about Ireland that are true, and suggest new things to be done that are wise, will certainly deserve, and will probably earn, the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen.

THE REIGN OF MURDER.

IT is difficult to believe that any reader of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech on the day of the adjournment of Parliament can have read it without the feelings which it inspired in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE—disappointment and alarm. The gravity of the state of Ireland at this moment is admitted by men of the most widely differing opinions in politics. It is not denied or dissimulated by any but those by whom revolution in the full sense is coveted and hoped for; and even these persons have now for the most part betaken themselves to the task of diverting public attention to the nature of Mr. FORSTER'S personal demerits. The murders of Mr. HERBERT and of Mrs. SMYTHE, following on the case of Mr. SHAEN CARTER, and followed by the fortunately unsuccessful attempt on Mr. DOMINICK O'DONNELL, show that the idea of pacification by means of the Land Act is utterly delusive. It is said, as a matter of course, that both the crime and the failure to detect it are the fault of "the Castle"; that the Castle is not in sympathy or harmony with the people; that it must be brought into

such harmony. It is even added that society in Ireland is democratic, and that government in Ireland must be democratic too. It is at least satisfactory to receive an open acknowledgment that democracy in plain English means robbery and murder, for that is the only intelligible inference to be drawn from the statement that Irish society is democratic at present. But when we are told that the Castle must be reformed, and that Irish institutions must be adjusted to the temper of the country, sober men have a right to demand whether this means that a murder department, with Captain Moonlight at its head, for the orderly extermination of landlords, is to be set up in the Castle? If the advice does not mean this, it is mere idle verbiage uttered for the purpose of hiding the laches of the Ministry in a mist of commonplace and claptrap.

If attention be turned from these volunteer apologies to the official defence of the PRIME MINISTER, a not dissimilar mixture of inability to comprehend and unwillingness to meet the facts appears. Mr. GOEST'S motion may have been sudden or not; it may have been partisan in purpose or not; but, after the events of the last few weeks, no one could say that it wanted a pretext of fact; and after hearing the case which Mr. GOEST had to lay before the House of Commons, no one could say that it wanted something much more solid than pretext. Mr. GLADSTONE'S reply addressed itself to everything but the right point. It was despondent where it ought to have been resolute; recriminatory where it ought to have been simply practical. There is something almost appalling in the notion of a man in Mr. GLADSTONE'S position at such a crisis as this, when women are being murdered in cold blood, attempting to baffle complaint by himself complaining of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government and its action or inaction more than two years ago. The astonishing imprudence of the attempt at recrimination, in the face of Mr. GLADSTONE'S own attitude towards Ireland at that time, is not the main occasion for wonder. The point is, that even if the late Government had been guilty of the gravest misconduct, circumstances have changed so much, and the present Government have done and abstained from doing so much, that accusation of Lord BEACONSFIELD is about as practical as accusation of STRONGBOW or CROMWELL. It is since the advent to power of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues that anarchy, as distinguished from mere agitation, has grown up. They have been entrusted by Parliament with every power, remedial and punitive, that they have asked for. They have had for many months the entire resources of the law, ordinary and extraordinary, with the money and the military force of Great Britain at their disposal. On their declaration of necessity Parliament has inflicted grievous losses on a class of persons whom probably a considerable majority of the House of Commons believe to be perfectly innocent. The weapons which they carelessly let slip two years ago have been replaced by sharper and stronger ones. And the result of it all, by Mr. GLADSTONE'S own confession, is that the state of Ireland is worse and more dangerous than it has been for fifty years. This state of things is represented to him, and he blames his predecessors for not prosecuting more vigorously certain persons in the infancy of the agitation—that infancy the proceedings of which, according to himself and his colleagues, were quite lawful and proper. Moreover, in the very form of confession the incurable want of statesmanship which distinguishes Mr. GLADSTONE appears in the most glaring manner. Just as his fatal words two years and a half ago undoubtedly encouraged the Irish to turn an agitation of passive resistance into an agitation of active crime, so now he, the PRIME MINISTER of England, comes forward, and in the thick of a rebellion informs the rebels that they must succeed, that England has no arms with which to combat a social revolution, and that a social revolution is going on. "Outrage, and you will get your way," was the lesson enforced in Midlothian and promptly learnt in Ireland. "Abstain from overt treason, and confine yourselves to no rent and landlord-shooting, and we can do nothing to you," is the lesson now substituted for the former at Westminster, doubtless to be learnt with equal speed at Dublin and Limerick. Whether indignation at the wickedness of such a course or contempt for its incurable folly ought to be the feeling uppermost in the mind, it is not very easy to say. Both may probably be drowned in the other feeling of simple amazement at the spectacle of Liberal Associations passing ready-printed

votes of confidence and approbation of the *clôture*, while their leader is avowing his incompetence to govern.

It is sometimes said that those who complain of the Government have no alternative policy to propose. This is simply not true. There are, and always have been, only two vulnerable points in the Irish peasant when brutalized by one of those "leagues of hell" just denounced in characteristic, but for once scarcely exaggerated, language by Mr. P. J. SMYTH. The one is his cowardice; the other is his covetousness. The first can only be worked upon by the severest punishments—instead of the imprisonment, nominal in some cases, so mild as to be little more than an inconvenience in nearly all, which is almost the only penalty in these days. In the second place, the covetousness which is becoming more and more the ruling passion of Irishmen can be appealed to in more ways than one. The most obvious and important is the offering of really solid rewards, paid as privately as possible, for the discovery of crime. This seems at last to have been attempted in the case of Mr. HERBERT. The other is the infliction of the heaviest fine that can possibly be paid on the farmers and peasantry of the district in which murders and other outrages are committed. There are other ways of fighting against the powers of darkness which are perfectly well known to intelligent administrators, and which, though they may be unwillingly resorted to, should be resorted to without hesitation when affairs have reached such a pitch as that at which they now are. Above all, the appointment, not of a few men over huge districts, but of numerous active and zealous magistrates, armed with exceptional powers, and amply provided both with money and men, is desirable. This should be backed, if necessary, by the suspension of trial by jury, which, as Mr. HERBERT's case shows, is not only inefficient, but positively dangerous to honest and loyal jurors, and which, as has been well pointed out, actually discourages the offering of evidence, by making it useless as well as perilous. All these things are obvious enough; they have been suggested over and over again. But the Government prefer the useless and irritating plan of keeping a considerable number of persons in a nominal confinement which is nothing to the guilty, which is a considerable inconvenience to the innocent, which weakens crime in no way, and which serves as a kind of excuse for it to a people so ignorant and so wrongheaded as that composing the precious "democratic society" to which we are told to adjust Irish institutions. The source of the evil every one who has eyes to see sees without the least difficulty. The Land Act was, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, to pacify Ireland, and if it does not, so much the worse for every one concerned. To acknowledge the folly of the course hitherto pursued—to come back to the old ways of sharp and stern dealing which have invariably been successful—would be a confession of having been in the wrong, and Mr. GLADSTONE is never in the wrong. Besides, the *clôture* is the present question, and it is more important to reduce the Opposition to impotence than to save Irish ladies from having their brains scattered on the QUEEN's highway. So Mr. FORSTER bustles about from Dublin to London, from London to Dublin, and men and women are murdered and mutilated, and the suspects dine comfortably together (the precaution having been duly taken of picking crownless harps out of their ties, for these are political, and can be dealt with), and "No Rent" Rolls are published, and English federations thank God and Mr. GLADSTONE for the *clôture*. Observers may surely be pardoned for wondering whether Bishop BUTLER's famous query as to the possibility of national madness was ever more applicable or answerable with greater certainty in the affirmative than now.

AMERICAN INTERFERENCE WITH ENGLISH LAW.

THE sentimental attachment which was, after the murder of President GARFIELD, formed or revived between England and the United States has been followed by some inconvenient results. By accepting the profuse expressions of sympathy which were offered on the occasion the Americans evidently believe that they have established a claim on English gratitude which entitles them to indefinite concessions. About the time when the enthusiasm for GARFIELD was supposed to be at its height his Secretary of State was writing elaborate despatches to prove that Europe, and especially England, was excluded by some

imaginary rule of international law from all political relations with the States of the Western hemisphere, even where the closest commercial connexion existed. It followed, according to Mr. BLAINE's logic, that a canal which might unite the Atlantic with the Pacific must be subject to the exclusive control, and practically to the sovereignty, of a Power which would not approach within a thousand miles of either outlet. At the same time, two belligerent States in South America were warned that any mediation or diplomatic assistance afforded to either of them by a European Government would be regarded as a grave cause of offence. Yet Chili and Peru have a larger trade with England than the United States; and the American claim, when it is examined, depends exclusively on the nomenclature of map-makers. If South America, after its first discovery, had been called South-Western Europe, Mr. BLAINE's arguments might with equal plausibility have been used on the other side.

The controversy on the so-called MONROE doctrine having been happily suspended for a time, two novel claims, of very different degrees of importance, have within the last two or three weeks been substituted. The request which has been preferred by the PRESIDENT in the matter of the convict LAMSON is indiscreet, as it imposes on the English Government the responsibility of granting or refusing a request which ought never to have been made. On the whole, the respite which has been allowed to LAMSON could hardly have been refused without discourtesy; but it is highly probable that, when the sentence is, after all, executed, the provisional license which has been granted will produce rather irritation than gratitude. The alternative of a weak compromise of retributive justice need not for the present be considered. It had not been generally known till after the trial that LAMSON was an American. It remains certain, and till lately it was undisputed, that he is one of the vilest of criminals, and that he has not the excuse of any deficiency of intellect. During three months before the trial, and until now, neither he nor his relatives had even thought of pretending that he was intellectually incapable of crime. The temptation to which he yielded was that of vulgar cupidity, which is the simplest and most familiar, and, it might almost be said, the sanest, of the motives by which crime is ordinarily prompted. It was proved that he was in possession of a poison rarely used, which in this case was the cause of death. Although it is now pretended that he had a morbid propensity to administer aconitine, it is not alleged that he could be ignorant of the deadly effects of the large quantity actually employed. There was not, and is not, any doubt of his guilt either among the general community or with those who have special knowledge of criminal practice, of poisons, and, it may be added, of human nature. Although the criminal was a foreigner, there could be no doubt that he was condemned by a competent tribunal. Even American jurists have not yet invented a MONROE doctrine by which their countrymen are exempted from the jurisdiction to which natives and foreigners of all other States are subject. The President of the UNITED STATES would of course have been bound to furnish a friendly Government with any information which he might casually have obtained as to a private crime where there might be risk of a miscarriage of justice; but the same duty would have devolved on any American citizen; and his communication would have received any attention which it might have deserved. In the present case, a private applicant would certainly have been told that there remained no ground for judicial doubt or for the exercise of executive discretion. It is difficult to give an equally definite and summary answer to the Minister of the United States speaking in the name of the PRESIDENT. It is known that the depositions purport to show that the sanity of some of LAMSON's relatives has at some period been questioned. It is highly improbable that his advocates will be able to raise so plausible a contention as that which was urged in behalf of GUIREAU. It would be unjust to the English Ministers to suppose that in any probable case they will sacrifice the interests of justice to a weak attempt at conciliation. The case of the Prussian murderer MÜLLER in some degree resembled that of LAMSON. The King of Prussia was induced by a mistaken popular clamour to request, in an autograph letter to the QUEEN, that the sentence on an undoubted assassin should be arbitrarily commuted. The courteous and peremptory refusal of the demand was supposed to cause a superficial irritation at Berlin, which soon subsided.

There is, fortunately, no danger that the improper intervention of the American Government on behalf of a vulgar murderer will either found a precedent or serve as a pretext for a national quarrel. The agitation on behalf of the American-Irish who are imprisoned under the Coercion Bill, though scarcely more plausible in argument, has, it appears, had a certain amount of success, and it is formidable on account of the political support which it is certain to receive. It is strange that an able and loyal journalist, who is generally opposed to the yielding policy of the present English Government, should treat the claim to immunity from exceptional legislation as even superficially plausible. The claim may become serious when it is preferred by such a politician as General GRANT, though for the present his adhesion only proves that in the next Presidential canvass he intends to rely on the Irish vote. The same remark will apply to Mr. CONKLING, and perhaps to Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR. The demand that the Hiberno-American suspects should either be tried or released has been conceded in the case of some of the prisoners, but in the absence of special circumstances, the existence of which is not known to have been alleged, it has not even a shadow of reason. It may be admitted that a resident foreigner, unless he is deprived of any privilege by special legislation, possesses the ordinary rights and immunities of a subject. An alien burglar may claim to be tried by a jury, if indigenous members of his profession enjoy the same privilege; although any sovereign Legislature may provide specially for the case of the foreign intruder; but in the present case it is unnecessary to discuss a contingency which has not occurred. It is more to the purpose to affirm that the foreign criminal is entitled to no peculiar exemption. If the Legislature determines that indigenous burglars shall be tried by a single judge, or that they shall be sent to penal servitude without trial, their American colleagues must share their ill-fortune. The two Nihilists whom the Emperor of RUSSIA lately ordered to be summarily executed would hardly have secured immunity if they had been American citizens. The subsequent insertion in the proceedings of a nominal trial scarcely affected the fate of the culprits. The legal and constitutional rights of aliens, as of subjects, are defined by the law as it actually exists, and not by any constitutional theory. Two years ago no Irishman or foreigner in Ireland could be kept in prison on a criminal charge beyond a certain short interval without the opportunity of a gaol delivery. At present it is determined, by precisely the same authority, that Irishmen and foreigners resident in Ireland may, on suspicion of certain crimes, be detained in prison for a definite time without trial. General GRANT has no more to do with the law of 1882 than with the law of 1880; and should it become necessary to take arms in defence of a right inseparable from national independence, the issue may as well be raised now as at any future time. There will at least be no Channel Tunnel at the disposal of a possible enemy. It is difficult to exhaust the list of anomalies and absurdities involved in a concession of the American pretensions. The Coercion Act is necessary, among other reasons, from the difficulty of obtaining evidence and of procuring convictions. If Americans are to be exempt from summary imprisonment, the Land League and the Fenian conspirators may with perfect impunity entrust the commission of outrages and murders to a class which has probably contributed more than its share to agrarian crime. The case, indeed, is too clear for argument; but no case is too clear for puzzle-headed cowardice. Fortunately the American Government is not yet committed to the outrageous demands which were advanced at the meeting in New York. It is probable that, as only four or five Americans are imprisoned on suspicion, the two Governments may have discovered some method of evading the difficulty; but it will be impossible to admit the principle that alien offenders are exempt from extraordinary legislation.

ITALY.

THERE never was such a century as the nineteenth for looking back kindly on the past, and commemorating events which can in some way be linked with the present. Even the gloomy massacre known as the Sicilian Vespers has had its turn, and has been dug out of the congenial

obscurity of remote history to be the occasion of a national fête. Palermo was the happy city where the massacre began, and six hundred years after the catastrophe or crime Palermo has been wreathed in flowers and illumined with fireworks in honour of the great deed which it performed. The French adventurers who were then ruthlessly destroyed were distinguished even in the thirteenth century for their bloodthirstiness, rapacity, and arrogance, and, according to the standard of the day, well deserved their fate; and the well-laid plot of a Greek Emperor, a Pope, and a King was supported by popular fury, and ended in the temporary establishment of a separate monarchy of Sicily. It is as the first germ of national independence that the massacre of eight thousand Frenchmen is now celebrated with triumphant joy and enthusiasm. The germ long lay dormant, and if six hundred years have been suffered to pass without any celebration of this remarkable event, this is, as Signor CRISPI explained to his willing listeners at Palermo, because on no former occasion has it been possible to couple the centenary of the massacre with anything like the visible independence of Sicily. As the years went round, it was a sad but incontestable fact that Sicily did not seem to have come into the legitimate fruits of her glorious outrage. At the end of one hundred years she was torn with anarchy; at the end of another she was a Spanish province. The luck was always against Sicily, and it so happened that when the centenary of the Vespers came round Sicily was always, not only under a foreign King, but under a specially bad foreign King. Now at last Sicily is free from the foreigner and under the rule of the good and liberal Prince of the House of SAVOY who is enthroned at Rome. To this happy change of circumstances the active interference of GARIBALDI contributed even more than the lingering memory of the Sicilian Vespers. The fête was, therefore, a fête in honour of GARIBALDI as well as of the nameless heroes who killed the French intruders six hundred years ago. GARIBALDI himself was there, although too ill to appear in public, and his son was the chief leader and speaker on every chosen occasion of popular enthusiasm. The Sicilians, too, and especially the Sicilians of Palermo, are fully entitled to take some credit to themselves for the rapidity and ease with which Sicily was rescued from the BOURBONS and united to Italy. GARIBALDI and his celebrated thousand could have done nothing unless the people had been heartily with him. There has also been nothing like political reaction in Sicily since the fall of the BOURBONS, and, although there has been a painful continuance of the local habits of brigandage, there has been nothing like popular opposition to the Government of the national choice. During the fêtes at Palermo the utmost order and good humour prevailed. The centenary of a massacre was celebrated without any one being hurt or even annoyed, and this was something really new and really creditable. That the Sicilian Vespers should be glorified at all seems odd to foreigners; but that it should be possible to glorify them in the reign of a national King is a happy stroke of fortune; and that they should be glorified in a most peaceful and proper manner is a sign of incontestable progress.

The French of the present day have been naturally anxious to know whether the celebration of the Sicilian Vespers is in any way directed against them. National rejoicings over the murder of eight thousand mediæval Frenchmen seem inconsistent with very hearty friendship for the millions of Frenchmen who are now living on the other side of the Alps; and the Parisian journals which make it their business to lecture Italy, and explain that the proper permanent attitude of Italy to France is one of humble gratitude, have lately been very earnest in their reproaches of the indecent ingratitude shown in shouting and burning blue and yellow lamps over the massacre of Frenchmen. There is something in this appeal to the recent recollections of Italians which is better justified than such appeals generally are. No nation can always allow gratitude for past favours or assistance to overpower every other consideration. VICTOR EMANUEL, when he wished to help France in 1870, was overruled, and very properly overruled, by his Ministers. Italy could not be expected to repay Magenta and Solferino by ruining itself, and rushing into war whenever fears for his dynasty, or the promptings of the clerical party, impelled its patron to get himself into a senseless scrape. Nor, again, could Italy be asked on the score of gratitude to view with indifference the French expedition to Tunis, which was avowedly di-

rected against Italy even more than against Turkey. Where the real interests of a nation are involved, every nation must think of the present, not of the past; and must consider how other nations are behaving to it now, not how they have behaved to it on some other occasion. But centenary fêtes are a pure matter of sentiment. There is not the slightest necessity to hold them. If a nation digs up for its own pleasure a piece of the remote past, it may be fairly asked to dig up from courtesy to neighbours a piece of the recent past; and neither the memory of the Sicilian Vespers nor the expedition of GARIBALDI would have done anything towards the independence of Italy unless the French had done for the Italians what the Italians could never have done for themselves, and cleared Lombardy of the Austrians. If, therefore, the commemoration of the Sicilian Vespers was to be considered as a demonstration of Italian feeling, it might be fairly set down as a piece of very bad taste. The tongues of those who proposed to sing hymns over the murder in cold blood of the followers of CHARLES of Anjou ought to have been struck dumb by the recollection of the thousands of Frenchmen who a few years ago died in battle in order that Italy might be free. All that can be said in defence of the centenary celebration is that it was really a popular outburst in honour of GARIBALDI. It was the Garibaldians, not the Italians, whose feelings were consulted, and whose wishes were humoured. And GARIBALDI had a better right than most Italians to say that he did not mean to hurt the feelings of living Frenchmen, for he carried his goodwill to France into action, and did his best in his wild way to fight for the French Republic. He was most careful when speaking at Palermo to protest that he loved Frenchmen from the bottom of his heart as much as he ever did; and the whole affair has been so evidently a grand Garibaldian scream that the French have quickly come to ignore or acquiesce in it; and there is no reason to apprehend that it will sensibly cool the somewhat lukewarm relations of harmony and friendship that subsist between the two nations.

Italy is making much progress in many directions. Her financial position is far better than could have been possibly anticipated a few years ago. She has spent large sums on her army and taken much pains with it, and she has got some of the biggest ships in the world, if she only can learn how to use them. An increasing quantity of her wine becomes claret in England by passing through Bordeaux, and she supplies France with larger and larger quantities of meat. Popular education is being pushed forward with exemplary zeal, and Italy has adopted in practice what used to be thought a crotchet of philosophers, and has pronounced for an educational suffrage. The present foreign policy of Italy may be described as a policy of trying to stand well with every one. The Treaty of Commerce with France has been ratified by the French Chambers, and the Italian Cabinet now announces that it will stand or fall according as the treaty receives or misses a similar fate in Italy. Even at Palermo, when the representative of a German newspaper spoke of the Italians as the allies of Germany he was rapturously cheered. The Emperor of AUSTRIA is to return the visit paid him last autumn by the King of ITALY, and the brother of the CZAR has been warmly welcomed at Rome as the herald of European peace. A pleasing tribute to the feelings of Englishmen has been paid by the erection of a tablet at Rome marking the residence of Sir WALTER SCOTT. This was more than an accidental act of homage to a genius whose name is dear to England. An Italian who was present declared that the works of SCOTT were read in Italy even more than in England. This may be an exaggeration, but it is certainly true that SCOTT is very widely read in Italy and that English literature is better known in Italy, and has a more profound influence there, than in any foreign country except, perhaps, Germany. That, if English literature is known at all, SCOTT should be one of the familiar authors is a matter of course, for, as a rule, SCOTT, BYRON, and GOLDSMITH are the only three English authors who are known out of England, except to very well educated persons. But in Italy there are many very well educated persons, and they habitually study, not merely popular English poets, but English current works on stiff and serious subjects. One consequence of this, which personal experience will readily

ratify, is that, in spite of the community of feeling which is supposed to pervade the Latin races, educated Italians are far more at home with Englishmen than with Frenchmen. The scream or hymn which GARIBALDI has just addressed to Palermo, and which begins with such words as "To thee, Palermo, city of great initiatives, 'mistress of the art of expelling tyrants,'" is no doubt more in the style of VICTOR HUGO than of any known sane Englishman. So, too, his extraordinary declaration that the Sicilian massacre, which was the fruit of a Papal plot, was a protest against the demons of the Vatican, is more after the manner of French than of English historians. But, as a whole, Italian literature may be said to absorb these Garibaldian excrescences and to be not much the worse for them. This shows that it has a real strength of its own. In the same way the real strength of political Italy could not be better shown than by the fact that it can absorb without harm such vagaries as the celebration of the Vespers, and can treat its famous GARIBALDI as a venerable maniac without chilling popular enthusiasm or lowering the authority of the Sovereign.

THE FRENCH EDUCATION LAW.

THE new French Education Law will hardly seem to hasty readers to justify the harsh things that are being said of it in its own country. As regards the well-to-do classes, though they are not expressly excluded from it, there is no doubt that they will be excluded from it in practice. So far as the letter of the law goes, it would be possible for the jury of examiners in every case to declare the education a child is receiving at home insufficient, and so to force the parent to send him to school. There is not the least fear, however, that anything of this kind will be attempted. In times of revolution, no doubt, such a provision might be so worked as to make it an engine of considerable annoyance to rich parents. But that is not the end for which the law is designed; and, if it is ever used for this purpose, it will be by way of afterthought. It is only in its application to the poor that the new system has any significance, and even here it is a significance that may not at once be detected. The nature and amount of the compulsion brought to bear upon parents may not seem to differ greatly from that which is brought to bear on them in this country. The mayor of each commune, in conjunction with the municipal School Commission, is annually to draw up a list of all children between the ages of six and thirteen years, and to give notice to the persons having charge of them of the date at which the elementary schools will reopen. A fortnight before this date the parent or guardian of every child is to inform the mayor whether he intends to give the child instruction at home or to send him to school; and, in the latter case, he is to specify the school chosen. In the absence of any such declaration, the mayor shall enrol the child in one of the public schools. A week before the reopening of the schools the mayor is to furnish the head teacher of each school with a list of the children who are to attend his school; and it will be the duty of this head teacher to keep a register of the children's attendance, and to furnish the Mayor and the Inspector with a monthly list of absentees, and of the reasons given for their absence. When a child shall have been absent from school without adequate excuse for four half-days in the month, the parent or guardian will be cited before the School Board, and have his duty explained to him. A second offence will be punished by the publication of the names and occupations of the offending person, and a third with a fine of not more than fifteen francs, or imprisonment for not more than five days. The law is more harsh in its application to children than in its application to parents. Those who receive instruction at home must yearly undergo an examination before a jury, consisting of the Inspector, one cantonal delegate, and one person holding a University degree or teacher's certificate; and if the result is unsatisfactory, the parent or guardian will be ordered to send the child to a public or private school within a week, and to inform the mayor which school they have chosen.

The first impression which Englishmen will derive from reading these provisions is that, except as regards the pedantic extension of examination to all children receiving instruction at home, French parents have not much to

complain of. They are relieved from one grievance which weighs upon poor parents in England, inasmuch as they will have no school fees to pay, and they are left perfectly free to send their children to a public or to a private school as they shall think best. This view of the law is derived from the example of a country in which there is scarcely a village in which there is not what would be called in France a private school, while in many there are no other than private schools. Supposing that the French law were applied to England, the hardship to the parents would be at most infinitesimal. They would not, it is true, be able to have their children taught their religion at the public schools; for whereas the English law merely forbids the use of denominational formularies in Board schools, the French law forbids all religious instruction whatever. But the cases in which the English parent would be obliged to send his child to a Board school would be exceedingly few. Almost everywhere he would have the option of sending him to a Church school; and in most towns of any size the liberty of choice would be still wider. In France the case is altogether different. Out of 37,000 communes it is estimated that 28,000 are without a private school. In 28,000 communes, that is to say, the parent cannot have his children taught their religion in the building in which they are taught to read and write; and however much reason he may have to distrust the religious character of the so-called "moral and civil instruction," he will be forced to send his children to the public school except in the very few cases where he is able to give them instruction at home. If the conditions of elementary education were identical in England and France, it is probable that the French Right would have welcomed the introduction of compulsory school attendance. But they are not the same, or anything like the same. In England there is a choice of schools, not in theory only, but in practice. In France there is a choice of schools in theory only. In England there is encouragement to get up private schools where they do not already exist, because those who set up them can charge school fees and may earn a large Government grant. In France there is no such encouragement. No school fees can be charged, because the public schools are free to all, and there is no Government grant payable in respect of children attending private schools. Consequently the whole burden of founding and maintaining alternative schools must fall upon the subscribers. This fact should be taken into account when one censures, as it is natural at first to do, the supineness of French Catholics in the matter of primary education. Why, we are tempted to ask, do not they cover France with Church schools just as England is covered with Church schools? It is difficult not to feel surprise that the zeal which has been abundantly displayed in opposition to the new law should show so little promise of taking this shape. But it ought in fairness to be remembered that to build and maintain a private school in France would take very much more money in proportion than it would take in England. It is sometimes said that in England a good private school may almost keep itself going out of the children's pence and the Government grant. In France both of these sources of wealth are wanting, and the whole sum has to be raised by private liberality. Still the want of this liberality is remarkable because, as M. DE LAVELEYE has observed, it is so largely present in Belgium. The appeal of the bishops, he says, has been "so heartily responded to that in less than a year they have succeeded in opening a private school in every commune and village not formerly possessing one." The result of this effort is that "in a very great number of villages the communal schools are almost empty; in others they have not succeeded in retaining more than half their former pupils." It must be admitted that the difference in the educational aspects of Belgium and France is very striking.

One explanation of this difference may perhaps be found in the indisposition of French Catholics to believe that any weapon that the State can bring to bear against them in educational matters can have the effect which those who handle it expect. Granting, they will say, that there are five hundred or a thousand atheist teachers who are burning to make the moral and civil instruction they are directed to give an instrument for destroying religious belief among French children, they will be lost in the multitude of teachers who represent with substantial accuracy the religious views

of the parents around them, and may be trusted not to teach the children entrusted to them anything that the parents do not wish to have them taught. The atheist contingent among elementary teachers will find employment in the future, as it does now, in districts where the divorce between religion and the mass of the population has long been effected. In the large towns the teachers in the public schools are already atheists, and there, no doubt, it will be very important to multiply private schools, as has been done in Paris. But in the country things will go on without much change. The reason why Catholics have protested so loudly against the Bill is partly that it is their cue to present all the measures of a hostile Government in as damaging a light as possible, and partly by way of warning that the working of the law in the country ought to be closely watched. The advanced Republican journals are reckoning up the advantages which the Republican cause will reap when a whole generation of French children shall have grown up in ignorance that there is such a being as God. The majority of Catholics, if they spoke their minds, would retort that all this is a mere counting of unhatched chickens. Religious instruction will not be given so conveniently as it has heretofore been; but, except where the parents reject it, it will be given all the same. Only the event can show which of these rival theories best represents the facts.

THE DISFRANCHISEMENT BILL.

THE long-expected Bill of Pains and Penalties which is to continue the vindication of purity in election matters begun by the present Government in the case of the Sandwich and Macclesfield bribers, has at last made its appearance. It bears on its back the names of Sir HENRY JAMES and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, whose connexion with the subject has a more than official appropriateness. Oxford, the chief town in point of size and importance affected by the Bill, long returned Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who has doubtless been much shocked to discover that corrupt practices extensively prevailed during that period. It was not, however, until Oxford rejected Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT that the cup of her iniquities was full, and the thought of this must be a consolation to the HOME SECRETARY for the rejection itself. Sir HENRY JAMES sits for a small borough whose fair fame is, in the Law Courts at least, untainted, and he must draw something of that fearful joy which the poet attributes in a parallel case from the thought that Sandwich is taken and Taunton is left. The determination of the Government to express its wrath at corrupt practices cannot be doubted when the Bill is perused. In respect to one place, Knaresborough, it is a Bill of absolution and healing. But the other seven places, collectively returning fourteen members (of whom at the general election eleven were Liberals and three Conservatives), and including several towns of considerable population and of almost the first importance as centres of provincial life and society, are severely dealt with. Gloucester, Macclesfield, and Sandwich are condemned utterly without the allowance of a place of repentance. From the date of the passing of the Bill they lose their representative existence, and are merged in their respective counties. Boston, Oxford, Chester, and Canterbury merely remain in a state of political dormancy during the present Parliament, the writs which have been suspended not issuing till the next general election. Besides this punishment, individual persons scheduled as offenders are to lose their franchise for the particular borough and the county surrounding it for the term of their natural lives.

It has been said that this measure is a severe one. But its severity is not deserving of uniform praise or blame. There is nothing in the principle of it in the least objectionable. There is no doubt that disfranchisement, temporary or final, of places and persons is the proper and suitable punishment for indulgence in corrupt practices. It is not open to the obvious and logically fatal objections which extend to such vindictive proceedings as those lately taken against certain persons at Sandwich and at Macclesfield. The punishment and the offence are justly mated, and, what is more, the directly salutary effect which all punishment ought to have is secured. Not merely is ill-doing punished in the literal and direct sense; not merely is a warning held out to similar offenders; but the body politic is actually relieved of a gangrened member.

It is true that the bringing in of this perfectly appropriate measure—appropriate, that is to say, in principle, for in detail there are some grave objections to it, which must be handled presently—puts in a very unfavourable light the obdurate resistance of the HOME SECRETARY to the petitions for remission of the recent sentences. The double proceeding has something of the appearance, and, what is more, something of the reality, of a double punishment for the same offence. The very arguments which support the application of disfranchisement as just and appropriate go to prove that the infliction of imprisonment, and in some cases of pecuniary loss by the side of which imprisonment is a trifle, is inappropriate and unjust. But there is even more than this. The sole argument—a feeble one enough—for the extraordinary severity shown towards Messrs. MAY, MAIR, EDWARDS, and their unlucky companions was that they were to be awful examples to the much larger number of their townsmen who could not be got at. It was pointed out at the time that this was a very dubious proceeding. But it is deprived of all semblance of reason by the subsequent infliction of another kind of punishment on the very persons for whom the unfortunates above mentioned were supposed to be scapegoats and to have suffered vicariously. The argument, of course, does not go to prove that Sandwich and Macclesfield ought not to be disfranchised; but it does go to prove that Messrs. MAY and EDWARDS ought not to have been imprisoned. The electoral disability which is now imposed on them and their fellows is the proper, and the only proper, personal punishment for such an offence.

An examination of the details of the Bill may perhaps afford ground for a little wonder as to the principle of selection and of classification, and for more than a little doubt as to the exact propriety of the form of punishment in some cases. One case, that of Sandwich, is, it may be supposed, unlikely to tempt even the most adventurous advocacy. Nothing could possibly be worse than the state of things discovered in this time-honoured Liberal stronghold. So deeply seated was the corruption of the place, so ingrained the practice of bribery, that the most experienced agents and the most virtuous candidates seem to have bribed away in sheer desperation, hopeless of success otherwise, and trusting to the very flagrancy and certainty of the case to escape that inquiry which, in its turn, must bring detection. Now places like Sandwich, the importance of which is purely traditional and historical, and which only retain their status as boroughs by dint of grouping and other ingenious devices for keeping up the population to the necessary standard, exist in a Parliamentary sense merely on sufferance. Small boroughs are believed, and in many cases rightly enough, to be a useful and important element in the constitution. But small boroughs which are simply sponges to absorb the money of candidates are not useful in any sense. Good behaviour is of the essence of their tenure, and if they do not behave themselves they must go. It is otherwise with places like Gloucester and Macclesfield. Neither of these can be called a small town. One is a place of considerable social and historical and of not inconsiderable commercial standing, and the other is a manufacturing town, uniting modern to ancient importance. That Macclesfield is deeply tainted is certain; but it is by no means certain that a suspension, instead of an extinction, of its privileges would not suffice to allow the taint to work itself out. Gloucester, on the other hand, does not compare unfavourably with any of the four places mentioned in the second schedule. It is not said, for instance, of it as it is of Boston, that "all elections have been for a long time past corrupt." This being the case, it seems hard that a cathedral city, a county town with a large population and an historical name, should be disfranchised for ever, while a comparatively insignificant borough, with a register little more than half as numerous, should escape with a few years', or possibly a few months', suspension of its privileges. It is not that greater severity ought to have been shown to Boston, but that too great severity has been shown to Gloucester. Except in cases like Sandwich, where the crime is flagrant and the reasons for mercy very small, it seems that temporary suspension for a shorter or longer period is always a juster punishment, as well as one more likely to bring about reformation, than total disfranchisement, the effect of which, as most people know, is simply to infuse a considerable corrupt element into the county. On the other hand,

there seems to be little reason why the disability imposed on individual bribers and personators should be limited to the particular borough or county. Here there is as great slackness in the application of the proper means of punishment as there has been undue severity in the application of the improper means. If it were enacted that givers and receivers of bribes alike should be disqualified for life as voters or official participants in any election in the United Kingdom, no one would have the least right to complain, nor would there probably be any complaint. The man would have proved himself unfit for a particular duty, and would have been accordingly prevented from discharging that duty. In the same way an offending borough may be, and should be, suspended from the performance of a duty which it has proved itself unable or unwilling to discharge honestly and faithfully. But whereas a borough, unlike a man, does not die, some term should be set to its disability, except in the case of constituencies which have no claim to existence beyond the fact that they exist and sometimes prove themselves useful. These two simple principles have been overlooked in this Bill, just as they were overlooked in the sentences lately passed, and as it is to be feared they will be overlooked in the expected Corrupt Practices Act of the member for Taunton.

THE NEW RULES.

DURING the Easter recess members of the House of Commons are supposed to have a valuable opportunity of reflecting on the merits or demerits of the Ministerial proposal for closing debates. The First Rule has hitherto occupied exclusively the attention of the public and the House; but it really is only one of many proposed rules, and the scheme of the Government must be taken as a whole, and its parts taken in relation to each other. It is all its rules, and not one only, that the Government hopes, in its sanguine way, to pass between Easter and Whitsuntide. The rules taken together may be divided into three heads—the rules intended to shorten the time given to discussion; the rules intended to reduce the opportunities of discussion; and the rules intended to relieve the House from all its labours in Committee on Bills falling under certain specified heads. The First Rule, providing for the closing of the debate, is of course the chief proposal for shortening the time given to discussion, but it does not stand quite alone. In the first place, there is the Fifth Rule, which creates a very summary kind of cloture applied to individual members. The Speaker or the Chairman may peremptorily order any member to sit down and hold his tongue who in his opinion is wandering away from his subject, or is saying the same things over and over again in a tedious way. Here, it is to be observed, the Speaker or Chairman requires no confirmatory sanction on the part of the House. He is sole judge and sole executioner. If he finds the repetitions of a speaker tedious, he may decree that neither he nor his fellow-sufferers shall be bored any longer. The offender contemplated by this rule is not a man who speaks badly in order to waste time; he is a man who speaks badly because that is his style of speaking. The presiding member of the House is to give a somewhat stern lesson in the elements of Parliamentary oratory. It is not mere repetition that he is entitled to criticize. To suppress repetition altogether would deal too severe a blow to Parliamentary oratory altogether. All that the Speaker or Chairman can pretend to do is to silence the man who says the same thing over and over again without any effort to be amusing. One bad joke every ten minutes would save him, but he must be up to some kind of feeble sparkling or he is lost. Practically the rule would hardly ever be applied, and the Irish especially may safely trust that it never will be applied to them. They can always make their repetitions lively by interspersing observations to the effect that all Englishmen are brigands, that the Chief Secretary for the time being is a tyrannical coward, or that they are only saying what some Cabinet Minister has said already. Secondly, the Fourth Rule provides that when a division is about to be taken, the Speaker or Chairman, if he thinks that the time spent in walking through the lobbies would be absolutely wasted, may call on those who challenge his decision as to the majority, calling Aye or No, to stand up in their places, and, if they are less than twenty, may relieve the House from the

necessity of dividing. This is a very sensible rule, and will do practical good. It will prevent the ridiculous spectacle of the House walking about all night in and out of lobbies. It is evident that here the Speaker or Chairman collects the sense of the House and acts upon it. He would scarcely ever call on the dissentients to rise in their places, unless he had satisfied himself that they were less than twenty. If he made a mistake, and the number was twenty or twenty-one, the mistake would be so slight and so pardonable that he would lose nothing of his authority and nothing of his character for impartiality. If the Government had but shaped the First Rule on the lines of the Fourth, they might have fashioned a scheme for closing debates which would have been free from serious objections, would have offended no one except the Irish, and would have been practically as effective as their own very contestable proposal.

The next set of rules either suppresses occasions of debate or imposes limits on the nature of debate. In some cases there would in future be no debate where there may be a debate now. By Rule 6 the preamble of a Bill is to stand postponed until after the consideration of the clauses in Committee, without question put. By Rule 7, when the Chairman of a Committee has been ordered to make a report to the House, he is to leave the Chair without question put. By Rule 11, on reading the order of the day for the consideration of a Bill as amended, the House is to proceed to consider the Bill without question put, unless the member in charge thereof shall desire to postpone its consideration or notice has been given to recommit the Bill. The rules limiting the subject-matter of debate refer to motions for adjournment and motions on going into supply. Rule 2 provides that no motion for adjournment shall be made, except by leave of the House, before the orders of the day or notices of motion have been entered upon. In one way this may be regarded as a rule suppressing an occasion of debate, but, as the occasion may be created with the leave of the House, the member will have an opportunity of showing why leave should be given him. Rule 3 embodies an effort to deal with one of the most serious causes of useless delay in business—the protraction of debate by repeated motions for adjournment. It provides that the debate shall be strictly confined to the matter of such motion. This is a good provision, and is already in force so far as it is possible to enforce it. But in practice it is a provision hard to enforce, for it only obliges speakers to acquire the adroitness by which they may evade it. The reasons which may be given with propriety for adjourning a debate are reasons which may be aptly illustrated by an abundance of discursive matter. They are such reasons as that the Committee or House has been taken by surprise through some alteration in the attitude of the Government; that the Government does not appear to have the necessary facts at its command; or that the House is too thin or too weary to do justice to the subject. These are things on which an ingenious speaker might dilate and waste many precious minutes, and yet never distinctly wander from the subject-matter of debate. The second part of the rule is much more effectual; but then it only applies to one case with which the experience of last Session made us familiar, but which can seldom happen unless something like obstruction is going on. This provision deals with repeated motions for adjournment made by a small knot of members; and it lays down that, when the House is in Committee, no member who has once spoken to a motion for adjournment shall speak to a further motion for adjournment during the same sitting of the Committee; and the same rule is applied to debates in the House. Rule 12 is a re-enactment of the rule that on Mondays, when any of the ordinary Estimates is to be discussed, the Speaker shall leave the Chair without any question being put, unless some point be raised germane to the particular Estimates to be discussed; and Rule 8 makes a slight alteration in the Half-past Twelve rule, and slightly facilitates the progress of business by declaring that this rule shall not apply to cases in which leave is asked to bring in a Bill, or a Bill has already passed through Committee.

Without noticing minute details either in the scope or the wording of these rules, it may be said of them generally that they are reasonable proposals for facilitating the progress of business. Some of them may be difficult to enforce; but they do not extinguish honest criticism or limit reasonable opposition. And they may all be classed

together as directed not so much against deliberate obstruction as against the slowness of the House in doing business, owing to what may now be the legitimate use of old forms. There are two rules dealing with declared obstruction; Rule 10, which provides that when the Speaker or Chairman is of opinion that a motion for adjournment is made simply for the purposes of obstruction, he may forthwith put the question from the Chair; and Rule 9, which permits the suspension of a member who has been pronounced by the Speaker and the House guilty of wilful obstruction. These rules may be very useful in dealing with obstruction such as was rampant at one period of last Session. But obstruction of that bad type is not very likely to be revived, the Irish having discovered the secret of annoying the Government and using up endless time without resorting to the vulgar arts of glaring obstruction. And these rules may be kept apart from the rest of the rules as dealing with a totally different subject. They deal with obstruction; the remaining rules deal with the progress of business when no obstruction of a bad type is being carried on. Those already discussed refer to the procedure of the House as now existing; those that remain to be discussed introduce a novelty into procedure by delegating to special but large Committees the work now done by Committees of the whole House. This novelty is only to be applied in cases of Bills which, in the vague language of the rules, refer to matters of law, trade, or manufactures. The main idea which underlies the proposal is a good one, and the experiment is very well worth trying if it can be shown how it can be satisfactorily carried out. There are some matters, such as bankruptcy, as to which all parties agree that something should be done, and yet which stand apart from the main business of the Session. Only a limited number of members have any knowledge or opinion on the subject under discussion, and if they can get together and shape a good Bill the best measure is likely to be produced; and the House would be saved the time which it now spends in doing badly what, under the proposal, it is hoped might be done well. The proposal, however, must be subjected to considerable and perhaps lengthy criticism, not because it is disliked in itself, but because much explanation will be needed as to the mode in which it will work. It is obvious that the House will gain no time unless the Committee sits when the House is not sitting, and there will be a very great difficulty in securing the attendance of members on a Committee doing heavy extra work at inconvenient extra hours. There is, however, a still greater difficulty to be faced. The Committee is to be very large, in order that the House may feel that the Committee is itself in miniature, and is capable of doing as much justice to the nation as the House could do. From sixty to eighty members are supposed to be told off for a Committee, and this number is large enough to be fairly representative of the House. But it is also so large that it may represent the House, as in other things so in its incapacity to get forward in Committee, to make amendments cohere, to turn out an intelligible piece of drafting. What reason is there to suppose that eighty men can get on better with a Bankruptcy Bill if they sit in a big room than if they sit in the House itself? If the proposal is thought out, it seems to melt into some such proposal as that a Bankruptcy Bill should be taken at extra morning sittings. If the Government strongly recommends the proposal, the House will probably be induced to try the experiment, but it is not very hazardous to prophesy that experience will show that before long the proposal must either be abandoned as ineffectual or must receive a new shape if it is to work effectually.

AN EDUCATION DEBATE.

MR. MUNDELLA'S statement on moving the Education Estimates was made under disadvantages which are now becoming constant. Two o'clock in the morning is not a favourable time for considering the results of a long array of figures, and the few members whom duty or a diseased passion for statistics keeps out of their bed at that hour are hardly in a mood to offer any very telling criticism on what they hear. But the matter of the statement was not without interest. In no year since 1870, Mr. MUNDELLA tells us, has there been more solid evidence of progress. Each week in 1881 saw an average

net addition of 3,000 children to the school rolls. About 1,000 of these were accounted for by the growth of the population; but the remaining 2,000 were children now sent to school who formerly would have remained away. Besides this increase of scholars on the register, there was an increase of 112,000 in the average attendance. This latter fact seems to supply a sufficient answer to Mr. LYULPH STANLEY's complaint against police magistrates. It may be true that some parents are let off too easily when they are prosecuted by School Boards for not sending their children to school. But, so long as the proportion of children in regular attendance steadily increases, it is no real detriment to the success of the Act that it is applied in the mildest possible spirit. It is an injury, no doubt, to children to keep them away from school; but where parents have to make serious sacrifices to keep them there, it is not an injury which it is always wise to punish. The Education Department and Parliament have to look to the ultimate extension of school attendance over the whole population, and so long as the progress in this direction is considerable and steady, it would be injudicious to risk its interruption by multiplying hard cases. By and by, probably, this progress will come to an end, and it will then be seen that there is a residuum of children beyond the reach of any laws at present in force. How these children are to be dealt with is a question upon which as yet very little seems to be known, and recent disclosures about Industrial Schools suggest that it is fortunate that we have not as yet been compelled to approach it. The quality of the education given to the children in elementary schools has also improved. In 1872 about 144,000 children were presented in the higher standards; in 1881 the number had risen to 535,000. The London ratepayers will learn with pleasure that the cost per head of the children in Board schools has decreased by nearly 2s. Even with this reduction the comparison of expense, whether with provincial Board schools or with voluntary schools, is heavily against the London Board. It is something, however, to know that the long promised improvement in this respect has at length begun.

In the discussion on going into Committee three points of importance were raised. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK attacked the preference now given to "English" as a class subject over science. Under the Code two subjects only can be thus taken, and of these English must always be one, the choice of the second lying between geography, history, and science. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK was able to make out a strong case. The English of the Code is mainly grammar, and grammar is not a good subject for elementary schools. It is necessarily abstruse, and it does not easily connect itself with anything that children come across in actual life, either while they are at school or after they have gone out to work. Elementary science, on the other hand, admits of being made interesting to the scholar, and if the teaching is judiciously varied according to the district in which the school is placed, it is easily associated with the actual employments followed by the parents, and hereafter to be followed by the children. In the first three standards, for example, the Code directs, under the head of English, that the children shall "point out nouns, adjectives, adverbs, and personal pronouns, and form simple sentences containing them"; while under the head of Elementary Science it prescribes "simple lessons on familiar animals, plants, and substances employed in ordinary life." In the higher standards English stands for the analysis of sentences and the knowledge of prefixes and terminations, and elementary science for lessons in animal or plant life, in the chemical and physical principles involved in some leading English industry, including agriculture, or in the physical and mechanical principles involved in the simpler forms of machinery. There can be no question as to which of these two kinds of instruction is more calculated to interest children, or is more likely to be remembered by them when they leave school. Their work in after life will, in the great majority of cases, have to do with one of the chief English industries, and the conditions of the locality in which they live will usually determine for them which the industry shall be. This is especially true of the country districts. Some little time back Canon GIRDLESTONE called attention in the *Times* to the very general neglect in village schools of all reference to agriculture. To this neglect he attributed the tendency of boys on leaving school to look for work in the towns, and the consequent dislike of the farmers to be rated for the support of schools which directly

tend to lessen the supply of agricultural labourers. When Canon GIRDLESTONE declares himself in sympathy with the latter complaint, we may be sure that this agricultural migration has gone very far. The attractions of the towns over the country are quite strong enough, and the difficulty of finding employment in the towns is quite great enough, to make it very desirable that no artificial encouragement shall be given to the process. The elementary principles of agriculture are easily brought within a child's comprehension; and though in point of intelligence an agricultural labourer will compare not unfavourably with an average artisan, he would be all the better if his practical knowledge were supplemented by some acquaintance with the scientific foundation on which it unconsciously rests. There is no need to carry the scientific instruction given in elementary schools beyond the limits which divide elementary from secondary education, and upon this point Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's warning deserves more attention than Mr. MUNDELLA seems disposed to pay to it. But, in asking that teachers shall be left free to take any two of the prescribed class subjects, instead of, as now, being obliged to take English grammar as one, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has erred rather on the side of moderation than of excess. It would be well to add that in country schools the industry chosen as the subject of instruction should always be agriculture.

Mr. LYULPH STANLEY's contribution to Monday night's discussion took the form of a violent attack upon Training Colleges. His contention that the House of Commons is justified in looking carefully into the management of institutions of which a large part of the cost is defrayed by the State, may be readily admitted. The one question which the House of Commons has to ask itself is, whether the existing system of training teachers, or the alternative system at which Mr. LYULPH STANLEY hints, is best calculated to supply the kind of teachers that are wanted for elementary schools. Mr. STANLEY's complaint is that the Training Colleges are denominational, and that great injustice is done to "undenominational students" by driving them into denominational colleges. Mr. STANLEY has allowed himself to fall a victim to a very obvious fallacy. Because a large number of teachers are required for undenominational schools, he assumes that these teachers will themselves belong to no religious denomination. This is absolutely untrue of the children who attend Board schools, and there is no reason why it should be less untrue of the teachers who give instruction in Board schools. An undenominational school means a school in which the children belong to more denominations than one, and in which it has consequently been thought convenient that the religious instruction proper to any one denomination should not be given. But the teachers in such schools, like the scholars, probably all belong to some denomination or other; and in that case what harm is done by their receiving their training at colleges founded by the particular denomination which they call their own? If the teachers in Board schools were subjected to a religious census, they would probably be found distributed among the Church of England and the principal Dissenting bodies; and, so long as this is the fact, there is no hardship in allowing the Training Colleges to be associated with the denominations which furnish the teachers. If at any time it should appear that any appreciable number of schools require teachers who impartially reject all religions, it will be necessary to allow the managers of these schools to make provision for the supply of their own wants. At present it is safe to say that, except possibly in the exceptionally enlightened borough of Northampton, no such need is felt.

MR. FAWCETT'S NEW SCHEME.

THE Report of the Select Committee on Post Office Annuities and Life Assurances differs somewhat from most documents of the kind. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL was the Chairman, only eight witnesses were examined, and the Chairman's Report was agreed to with only verbal amendments. The Committee was hardly, therefore, a Committee of Inquiry in the usual sense. It was rather a gathering of more or less representative members to whom the POSTMASTER-GENERAL explained the provisions of a Bill which he hopes to introduce very shortly. In the present condition of public business it is only natural

that a subordinate Minister should be anxious to smooth the way for a non-political measure which he thinks of great social importance. In the support which he has obtained beforehand by means of the Committee's Report, Mr. FAWCETT hopes, no doubt, to find a reason for inducing the House of Commons to let him turn to useful account the small hours of some Government night. It is quite clear that the Act which seventeen years ago authorized the Post Office to grant annuities and issue policies of life assurance has been of but little use. At the end of 1881 about 4,500 persons looked to receive money from the Post Office at their deaths, while not quite 9,000 were receiving, or expecting to receive, payments by way of annuity. The life assurance business has actually been declining, since during the first three years after the Act came into operation nearly double as many policies were annually issued as in the three last years. The great majority of these policies were for 100*l.*—the largest sum which the Post Office is allowed to insure—and only 600 were for 20*l.*, which is the smallest sum for which a policy is given. The average amount of all the policies was about 79*l.* Four causes seem to have led to this failure—the absence of personal solicitation and collection; the small number of post-offices at which insurance and annuity business is done, and the early closing system which prevails in them; the limitation of the amounts both of insurances and annuities; and the complicated formalities which insurers or annuitants have to go through. It is satisfactory to find that the Committee have rejected one of the suggestions offered to them for supplying the want of personal solicitation and collection. Letter-carriers are not to be employed either to tout for business or to get in premiums. The prospect of waiting for letters until the postman had landed a new customer, or extracted a payment from an old one, would have been extremely disturbing to those old-fashioned people who still regard the carriage of HER MAJESTY'S mails as the principal business of the Post Office. Nor do the Committee look with favour upon the proposal to employ special canvassing agents. They are not quite sure how the plan would consort with the dignity of Government; and they see that, if such agents were paid by salary, the expense would be heavy and the return doubtful, while, if they were paid by commission, the Post Office might occasionally be held responsible for some very highly-coloured statements. Some of the advantages of personal solicitation and collection may be secured, they think, by an arrangement by which deposits in a Post Office Savings Bank should be applied, at the request of the depositors, to the payment of assurance or annuity premiums. In this way the recurrent visit to the Post Office each time that a payment falls due would no longer be necessary. An order to apply deposits to this purpose would remain in force so long as there were any deposits available, and in this way the collection of premiums would go on with even less of friction than would be inflicted by the employment of agents. The place of personal solicitation might be supplied by inserting in each depositor's pass-book a short and clear description of the way in which insurances and annuities can be obtained through the Post Office. As the depositors in Post Office Savings Banks number two millions and three-quarters, their pass-books will obviously constitute an excellent advertising medium. Whether the result will be all that the Committee hope is perhaps doubtful. It may turn out that the real reason why Post Office annuities and Post Office life insurances are not more bought is that the terms are not sufficiently tempting. In that case only an increase in the benefits given in return for the payments will bring about any lasting increase in the applications. Even those highly-coloured descriptions which the Committee rightly deprecate would only be effectual until their authors had been found out.

By associating insurance and annuity business with savings bank business, the number of offices at which the former can be transacted would at once be more than trebled. At present, however, many of these offices are closed at four o'clock. The Committee recommend that they shall in future be kept open "to as late an hour as may be found practicable." Considering the very moderate allowance paid to the keepers of post-offices, it may be difficult to induce them to give many additional hours to the public service. On the principle, however, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, it seems clear that wherever a Post Office Savings Bank is really wanted, it ought to be open at times when the classes likely to visit it are able to do so.

The Committee recommend that the existing minimum limit both for life insurances and for annuities should be abolished, and that the Post Office should issue policies and annuities for very much smaller amounts. The principal reason for the former of these suggestions seems to be that great numbers of people are found to insure with Friendly and Industrial Societies for sums amounting on an average to about 8*l.* The Committee infer from this that these insurers are glad to have the opportunity of making a provision for funeral expenses. Whether this practice is in all respects so worthy of encouragement that the Post Office should be encouraged to make itself a vast Burial Club is perhaps open to question. The argument in its favour probably is that only legitimate business of this kind would be likely to come to the Post Office, and that many persons who would like to make such a provision are not able to do so under the arrangements of existing Societies. To the proposal to reduce the minimum limit for annuities no objection can be raised. Any certain provision, however small, made for old age is something to the good, and it cannot even be alleged that in doing this kind of business the Post Office is competing with agencies worked by the poor themselves. The number of annuities purchased from Friendly or Industrial Societies is probably very small. The Committee hope that, by allowing the interest falling due on savings bank deposits to be used in payment of premiums, many depositors may be tempted to secure a small deferred annuity at an almost imperceptible cost. Thus a depositor of 20*l.* might secure, at the age of thirty, an annuity of 3*l.* 10*s.*, to commence at sixty, by simply leaving the interest on the 20*l.* to accumulate. The plan of receiving shilling deposits, in the form of postage stamps, might also be applied to insurance or annuity business. The Committee are of opinion that the limit, both of insurance policies and of annuities, should be raised to 200*l.*, instead of, as at present, being fixed at 100*l.* for insurances and 50*l.* for annuities. In support of this proposal they have the authority of the Royal Commission on Friendly Societies. It is probable that the adoption of this recommendation would do more to bring new business to the Post Office than anything else that can be devised. There are many people, we suspect, who do not think of applying to the insurance offices, while the sums which they can receive through the Post Office are not large enough for the wants they have to meet, and, if the opportunity were put in their way, would be able to meet. It is not desirable that the Post Office should compete for the class of business which now goes naturally to private insurance offices; but it may fairly step in where there is a new class of customers to be created.

The smaller the sums for which insurances or annuities are issued, the greater will naturally be the dislike to having to go through many formalities in order to obtain them. Unfortunately the most serious of these formalities is also the one with which it is most difficult to dispense. No doubt the trouble and loss of time involved in getting a medical certificate would greatly stand in the way of insurances for small amounts. The necessary examination is not a thing to be hurried over, and if undertaken by a competent medical man, it would add materially to the cost of insurance. Yet this precaution cannot be simply omitted without opening a door to all manner of fraud. The temptation to get money unfairly does not grow less with the amount to be got; and, if bad lives could be insured at any post-office for 8*l.*, there would be an abundance of new business constantly coming in. The only way in which this risk can be guarded against is by leaving it optional with the insurer whether he will forego part of the benefits in return for being accepted without a medical certificate. Only a part of the policy might in this case be paid, provided that the person offering the insurance died within a specified time. The Committee make no recommendation upon this point, as the actuarial calculations on which any such conditions must depend have not yet been made. All that they suggest in the way of legislation is that a Bill should at once be passed to vary the maximum and minimum limits, both as regards amount and age, now fixed for insurances and annuities. Until this is done, the Post Office cannot prepare the regulations necessary to give effect to the change. It is not a very large demand to make; but, after our recent experience of Parliamentary management, it is impossible to feel any certainty that Mr. FAWCETT will get what he asks.

OUR NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THERE are few subjects on which so much clap-trap may be, and is, talked with impunity as on the glories of what an Irish writer is said to have contemptuously designated our "so-called nineteenth century." The Laureate, who is pre-eminently the child and prophet of his century, has hymned the praises of our "wondrous mother-age," and bids us remember how much "better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." And when, thirty years ago, the first Great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park, many people not ordinarily addicted to imaginative joys, and wholly guileless of any poetic afflatus, appeared seriously to believe that "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world," was being brought within a very measurable distance, and the millennium had almost begun. They did not anticipate that the irony of fate would crowd into the next thirty years an unexampled multiplicity of sanguinary wars; and the all but unanimous protest against the proposed Channel Tunnel shows that we have grown wiser now. Still Mr. Frederic Harrison, who has discussed the subject in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, has abundant reasons for comparing the daily and hourly stream of incense poured so copiously on this nineteenth century to the ingenious device of the King of Babylon in Voltaire's story for curing his satrap Irtax of excessive self-esteem. Twice a day for two hours a cantata was performed in his honour by a full chorus and orchestra, with the refrain recurring every third minute:—

Ab! combien monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même!

and when the music ceased a royal chamberlain took up the wondrous tale, and congratulated the happy man for another hour on his display of all the virtues he did not possess. In much the same way, the century is hardly awake of a morning before thousands of newspapers, speeches, lectures, and essays appear at its bedside or its breakfast-table, repeating as in chorus:—

What virtue, what grace, what power hath He;
How pleased with himself my Lord must be!

It may well indeed be doubted if any previous century was ever so much praised to its face for its wonderful achievements. The eighteenth century may perhaps have been as proud of its superiority over the seventeenth, and the seventeenth of its advance on the sixteenth, but at all events they were more reticent in their self-praise. It is possible moreover that the twentieth and subsequent centuries may both think and say as much of their superiority over those preceding them, and perhaps with quite as much reason, but that is a consideration fitted rather to repress than to encourage the volubility of our self-complacent enthusiasm. It is at least worth while, as Mr. Harrison observes, to ask ourselves "what is the exact effect upon civilization, in the highest and widest sense of that term, of this marvellous multiplication of mechanical appliances to life," for it is in mechanical progress that our boasted advance chiefly consists. To define civilization is no doubt difficult enough, and, as Mr. Harrison says, no one can do so without first clearly ascertaining his own ideal of a high social, moral, and religious life; which is truly "a tremendous topic." But few will be disposed to deny that, as Guizot has elaborately argued, a moral as well as a material element is necessarily included in the idea, though it has been pointed out that such high authorities as Mr. Buckle and Mr. Mill differ widely in their estimate of the comparative influence of moral and intellectual agencies in its development. It may be a mistake to decry the material inventions and progress of the age in the tone of Mr. Ruskin, and right to hail the triumphs of steam, electricity, and gas, "but still it is worth asking if the good they do is quite so vast, quite so unmingled, quite so immediate, as the chamberlains and the chorus make out in their perpetual cantata to the nineteenth century."

If we proceed to examine in detail what are the much-vaunted mechanical glories of the last hundred years, we find that we can travel by land or sea at least at three times the pace we could a century ago, while e.g. within a few hours of the delivery of the message of the President of the United States newspapers in all parts of the world have printed it word for word. Nor is this all:—

Forty thousand years every fabric in use has been twisted into thread by human fingers, and woven into stuff by the human hand. Machines and steam-engines now make 10,000 shirts in the time that was formerly occupied by making one. For twenty thousand years man has got no better light than what was given by pitch, tallow, or oil. He now has gas and electricity, each light of which is equal to hundreds and thousands of candles. Where there used to be a few hundred books there are now 100,000; and the London newspapers of a single year consume, I dare say, more type and paper than the printing presses of the whole world produced from the days of Gutenberg to the French Revolution. You may buy a good watch now for as many shillings as it used to cost pounds, and a knife worth a week's labour is now worth the labour of one or two hours. The fish eaten in Paris is caught in Torbay; our loaf of bread is grown in California; and a child's penny toy is made in Japan; a servant girl can get a better likeness of herself for 6d. than her mother or her grandmother could have got for 50s.; the miners of the north, they say, drink champagne and buy pianos, and travel 100 miles for a day's holiday. The brigade of the Guards with breech-loaders would now decide the Battle of Waterloo, or the battle of Blenheim, in an hour, and the *Devastation* would sink all the navies which fought at Trafalgar and the Nile.

Every one can state for himself the hyperbolic contrast between the material condition we see to-day, and the material condition in which society managed to live one, two, three centuries ago, nay, ten, or twenty, or a hundred centuries ago. Take it all in all, the merely material, physical, mechanical change in human life in the hundred years from the days of Watt and Arkwright to our own is greater than occurred in the thousand

years that preceded, perhaps even in two thousand years or twenty thousand years. The external visible life of Horace Walpole and Pope did not essentially differ from that of Chaucer, Boccaccio, or Froissart; nor did it differ very much from that of Horace and Virgil; nor indeed did it utterly contrast with that of Aristophanes and Plato. Are we so *vastly*, so *enormously*, the wiser, the nobler, the happier?

Certainly if it be inquired whether the advance in real civilization is at all to be compared with these incredible "leaps and bounds" of material improvement, we quite agree with the writer that "to ask such a question is to answer it." It is perfectly true that our age has a thousand times the resources of any that preceded it, but the question still remains, "Does it use them to a thousand times better purpose?" He must be indeed a sturdy optimist who can bring himself to answer that question in the affirmative. That it is an age of great opportunities there can be no doubt; that it is not simply what critics like Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin have represented it to be, "the age of money-bags and cant, soot, hubbub, and ugliness" may be granted; nor need it be denied that in such high matters as science, religion, and social organization "great things are in the air." But in these respects it can only be called at best "the age of great expectations," and great expectations are sometimes very slow in getting realized, after the precedent of Mr. Micawber. We may perhaps be on the eve of the millennium, but as yet we discern no signs of the dawn. There is one very simple way of testing the comparative moral value of our progress. Of the sudden and enormous change in our external and material life between 1782 and 1882, a change beyond all example or idea or expectation of any previous period in the world's history, there can be no manner of doubt. But it may well be questioned if England was not as much wiser, stronger, and better in 1782 than in 1682, and in 1682 than in 1582, as it is better now than in 1782; and if we were to go further back the change in these respects would be still more noticeable. Or again, compare England with other European countries; the material progress has been very much more rapid here than anywhere else, while in some countries, like Spain, there has been hardly any at all. "Has the relative position of these nations in the scale of true civilization altered so very much? Not at all!" If from moral we pass to scientific progress, it is obvious that to place the marvellous tools of modern science beside those used by Copernicus or Galileo would be like putting a modern ironclad by the side of a Chinese junk. But will it be pretended that in scientific genius the age even of Faraday and Darwin towers above that of Newton and Herschel, or of Bacon, Leibnitz, and Descartes? "You may raise your mechanical apparatus of science a thousandfold, you do not double your scientific genius once." Still less could it be plausibly maintained that we have advanced in philosophy or in art or in the quality of our literature, immense as is the increase in quantity, when the press turns out more matter in legible type every day than in Dr. Johnson's time it turned out in a year, or in Shakespeare's time in a century. We have not excelled Mozart and Beethoven in music, or Reynolds and Gainsborough in painting, not to speak of the great painters of an earlier age. "We are as much superior in material appliances to the men of Milton's day and Newton's day, as they were to Afghans or Zulus. Are we equally superior in cultivation of brain, heart, or character, to the contemporaries of Milton and Newton?"

It may perhaps be argued that, if no serious claim can be preferred to any moral superiority at all corresponding to our huge material advance, we have at least gained much in all that adds to the grace and charm, "the bloom of social life." But such a claim is hardly more admissible than the other. Can it really be maintained that life a hundred or two hundred years ago, before steam, electricity, or photography existed, was so cramped and helpless a thing, so *borné* and ill provided? "Somehow it was not." In some ways, indeed, this very same material advance, with all the hurry and skurry of modern life—if such a phrase may be allowed—has served to rub off the bloom, as Mr. W. R. Greg was never tired of reminding us. Mr. Harrison does not dwell on this point, but it is impossible not to be reminded of it when he expresses his doubt "if in a billion of letters that Mr. Fawcett now despatches there is one that is worth a line of Swift's to Vanessa, or one of Hume's to Adam Smith, or one of Gray's to Mason, or Cowper's to Hill, or one of Voltaire's to D'Alembert, or one of Goethe's to Schiller." This appears to us rather too strongly put, though it is substantially true. The recently issued volume of Bishop Thirlwall's *Letters to a Friend* is enough to show that even in these days of postcards and telegrams and penny postage, the art of letter-writing is not wholly extinct. But it is dying fast, and its decadence symbolizes and suggests the loss of much else that is being whirled away in the pitiless maelstrom of modern excitement. "Rest and fixity are essential to thought, to social life, to beauty," and unrestfulness is a distinctive note of modern life. It seems almost to be forgotten that no multiplication of appliances can increase by one hair's-breadth our powers or our years, though we fondly "imagine that these discoveries enlarge the human powers, when they only multiply the human instruments." And hence one inevitable result of the process is to produce an ever-increasing subdivision of labour, indispensable for the advance of knowledge, but cramping and injurious to the individual worker. A similar forgetfulness of the essential limitation of human powers is shown in the popular fallacy of attempting to supplement or replace the old classical curriculum of school education by a miscellaneous medley of scientific "ologies," as though a boy's head could hold all that there is time to cram into it during the few years of school life. Nor can we increase the duration of

human life any more than the powers of the human mind, and hence again the multiplicity of modern discoveries may serve as well to confuse as to enlighten us. In the pictures preserved to us of Athenian or of mediæval life much is wanting indispensable to the highest civilization, much which we ourselves should sorely miss. But the men of that day had something in which we hardly surpass, if we do not even seem to fall short of them; "they had wisdom, beauty, happiness, though they had none of our material appliances." There is in truth a darker side to that brilliant picture of unexampled material development; we are too apt to measure success by products, without pausing to reflect "how these products are consumed, and by whom, and what sort of lives are passed by the producers." Mr. Harrison quotes, without naming him, "one of our best and most acute living teachers" as pronouncing a stern but hardly exaggerated verdict on our modern civilization:—"Our present type of society is in many respects one of the most horrible that has ever existed in the world's history—boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale, and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South Sea Islander." And there is, as Mr. Harrison himself remarks, if not any necessary connexion, a plain historical one between the darker and brighter aspects of this modern progress:—

Steam and factories, telegraphs, posts, railways, gas, coal, and iron, suddenly discharged upon a country as if by a deluge, have their own evils that they bring in their train. To cover whole counties with squalid buildings, to pile up 100,000 factory chimneys, vomiting soot, to fill the air with poisonous vapours till every leaf within ten miles is withered, to choke up rivers with putrid refuse, to turn tracts as big and once as lovely as the New Forest into arid, noisome wastes; cinder-heaps, cesspools, coal-dust, and rubbish—rubbish, coal-dust, cesspools, and cinder-heaps, and overheard by day and by night a murky pall of smoke—all this is not an heroic achievement, if this Black Country is only to serve as a prison yard or workhouse yard for the men, women, and children who dwell in it. To bury Middlesex and Surrey under miles of flimsy houses, crowd into them millions and millions of overworked, underfed, half-taught, and often squalid men and women; to turn the silver Thames into the biggest sewer recorded in history; to leave us all to drink the sewerage water, to breathe the carbonised air; to be closed up in a labyrinth of dull, sooty, unwholesome streets; to leave hundreds and thousands confined there, with gin, and bad air, and hard work, and low wages, breeding contagious diseases, and sinking into despair of soul and feebleness of body; and then to sing psalms and shout, because the ground shakes and the air is shrill with the roar of infernal engines and machines, because the blank streets are lit up with garish gas-lamps, and more garish electric lamps, and the Post Office carries billions of letters, and the railways every day carry 100,000 persons in and out of the huge factory we call the greatest metropolis of the civilised world—this is surely not the last word in civilisation.

Clearly it is not the last word. We seem to catch a hint of the solution which Mr. Harrison himself would offer us in the words we have italicized in our next and last quotation—the italics in all previous extracts are his own—and many will agree with the general spirit of the suggestion who will differ widely from him as to the particular form of "moral and religious faith" they would desire to see prevail:—"There never was an age when the need was so urgent for synthetic habits of thought, systematic education, and a common moral and religious faith." It may be hoped that the better genius of the age is at length awakened to this need, and tired, like the Babylonian satrap, of greedily drinking in the adulation of the vulgarst of its flatterers. For, "if machinery were really its last word, we should all be rushing violently down a steep place, like the herd of swine."

A BED OF ROSES.

THE pleasures of being a member of Parliament have been often discussed; and certainly the eagerness with which honourable gentlemen devote, not merely their careful nights and their laborious days, but also their money (of which it is the nature of man to be much more sparing than of his time), to the service of their country, seems to argue great delights therein. But the present week has perhaps illustrated the advantages and pleasures of being a Liberal member of Parliament in more striking and graphic fashion than the memory of the oldest politician can parallel. The little incident in which Mr. Callan, Mr. Anderson, and the Home Secretary figured on Monday night, and the correspondence between Sir J. Lawrence and his constituents which was published on Wednesday morning, complete each other in a really wonderful manner. The pleasures of existence were once (in his salad days, it is true) expressed by Lord Byron in a somewhat libellous couplet to the effect—

Here's ———'s pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, two ——— for your wife.

The joys of a Radical Parliament-man are somewhat different from this, but they are equally complete.

Eccentric H——t in the lobby waits,
And 'scape you him, the Caucus keeps the gates,

may be suggested as a rough parody suited to present circumstances. The two incidents, moreover, though the barest outline of them (if the adjective which recently shocked Mr. Arthur Arnold and the gentlemen at the table, to the great argumentative profit and advantage of the Ministry, may be pardoned) is significant enough, both teemed with amusing and instructive details. The Home Secretary's notion of a friendly conversation, Sir Wilfrid Lawson's nice sense of honour, the idea of moral duty entertained by the member for Lambeth, and the idea of the characteristics of a Parliament-man entertained by his constituents as

represented in caucus duly assembled, are all full of matter. The consideration of them during holiday-time in England, and murder-time in Ireland, may while away a few moments neither unpleasantly nor unprofitably.

As for Mr. Callan, the virtuous indignation which has been expended on his "eaves-dropping" seems to be a little thrown away. When a newspaper, perhaps the most prominent newspaper in one of the three kingdoms, contains a report of an attempted dragooning by Ministers of members of Parliament, other members of Parliament certainly have the right, if they choose to avail themselves of it, of calling attention to the matter. Walpole's and Newcastle's five-hundred-pound notes used to pass in what Sir Wilfrid calls private conversation; but it may be presumed that if one of those documents were seen passing between Lord Richard Grosvenor and an ardent Liberal, some curiosity might legitimately be exhibited as to the transaction. The distinction between the crime of bribery and the harmless practice of intimidation used not to hold good in election affairs, but perhaps it is part of the new morality which the present Government has so zealously preached and practised. The fun of the thing is that though Mr. Anderson, the person after Sir William Harcourt principally concerned, is not suspected of having had anything to do with Mr. Callan's query, and was even very much and very obviously and naturally annoyed by it, he does not seem to have denied in any way the correctness of the report. But he was charitable enough to put it down to "pretty Fanny's way." "Very likely the Home Secretary thought he was only giving him a little friendly advice." And it turned out that that was exactly what the Home Secretary did think. Friendly advice, as everybody knows, is allowed even in cases of picketing. To station men of gravity and weight opposite the door of a factory for the purpose of eloquently remonstrating with knobsticks and black sheep on the error of their ways is legal. But to station them for the purpose of threatening is not legal. Now Sir William Harcourt did not threaten; he did nothing of the kind. He only said that "this was quite a different impression from that which he [the Home Secretary] derived at Glasgow," and he "expressed his views as to the opinion of the people of Glasgow." Now the question is whether the expression of Sir William Harcourt's views of the opinion of the people of Glasgow was or was not threatening. In the same way an allusion at Sheffield to bands and to vitriol, and to the curious habit which tin cans of gunpowder with fuses attached to them have of flying through windows, might not be threatening if it were made in a friendly way. To recur to the former parallel, there is no necessary connexion between a five-hundred-pound note and corruption. A weak-minded man might be deterred from following his conscience by an allusion to the people of Glasgow or to a tin of gunpowder. A weak-minded man might be influenced by a five-hundred-pound note. But what baseness to wrest into a threat or a bribe a reference to any one of the three in a private conversation carried on solely for the purpose of giving friendly advice!

Sir James Lawrence, having absented himself from the division, was not subject to the mild influence of Sir William Harcourt. It would have been delightfully in character for the Home Secretary, in the merest remembrance of certain late proceedings on the Embankment, to have borrowed the language of Mr. Galliers, and said, "You belong to Lambeth, do you? The Lambeth chaps pays them that doesn't vote for us." But not having the opportunity, he did not thus plagiarize. The Lambeth chaps, however, did their duty, and forwarded to their member a document, which is not a masterpiece of English, but which gave Sir James Lawrence the necessary friendly advice quite as clearly as the Home Secretary himself could have done it. Thereunto Sir James responded with a very interesting epistle, creditable to his own simplicity of character, but indicating a rather confused state of mind. The note of the Lambeth chaps, he said, had "pained him," and indeed it was a very unpleasant note for a man of honour and spirit to receive. To be "simply a delegate to be denounced" when he dares to move out of leading-strings is not a pleasant position certainly. Then Sir James argued the point, not very forcibly in form, but convincingly enough in matter. How more than a hundred brave Liberals swore that they would not vote for the cloture, and how some eighty of them ate their words; how fifty signed a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, and put it meekly in their pockets or in the fire when Mr. Gladstone refused to have anything to do with it—that is history. But Sir James Lawrence's own proceedings are the interesting point. He admits with great frankness that "it would have been more consistent for him to have voted against the cloture"; that he "ought to have voted against the cloture." But it seems he has never voted against a Liberal Government, and really could not do it. So he simply abstained, and he says that the Lambeth Caucus "cannot convince him that he acted wrongly." Neither can they convince us, unless they take the ground that he ought to have had the courage of his opinions, and to have voted with Mr. Marriott.

Such is the history of the fate of Mr. Anderson and of Sir James Lawrence, not to mention the fearful looking for of judgment which still awaits them, unless (we suppose) they show up on every division on the First Rule, and diligently vote for the best of Governments. It is a pretty sight—a very pretty sight. We all know what, according to Radical theory, is the foulest picture in the political gallery—that of a Tory landlord or agent bringing up voters to the poll. Except for the Toryism, one really

might have mistaken Sir William Harcourt on the famous night for this monster of iniquity. On the other hand, here were the Liberal Executive of Lambeth—men of great moral and political stature—condemning their representative, over whose conduct between election and election they have no moral or political authority whatever, first, for not voting against his conscience, and then for not voting in favour of a proposal which, as every one knows, would have been howled and roared down in a tempest of wrath and horror if it had been made by a Tory Government. The point, however, of present consideration is not so much the dignified attitude which a man of talent and position assumes when he constitutes himself the bully of a Government—the led captain who alternately cuts bad jokes on his patrons' enemies, and flourishes the cudgel to overawe their restive retainers. It is not even the attitude of the Liberal Executive, to whom Sir James Lawrence might not ill have replied in the still more outspoken language of Mr. P. J. Smyth (who has the courage of his opinions on the other side), "Cease your babble about things you do not understand." The point is the charming time of it which Liberal members must now be having. Twenty or thirty of them are being alternately bullied by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons, and by the tagrag and bobtail who call themselves Executives and Federations outside of it, for acting according to their consciences. Some four or five score more have the comfortable consciousness that they have escaped Sir William and the Executives by dint of voting for what they know to be bad and dangerous. There is no doubt, of course, which position a man of honour would choose; and it is not a very comfortable reflection that about eighty per cent. of our men of honour have not chosen it. But Sir William Harcourt's action is a really useless refinement of cruelty. The dirty work might surely be left to those who have appetite and capacity, perhaps ability acquired by practice, for dirty work. Caucuses being given, why need a Cabinet Minister volunteer his services in the dragonnade? It is not as if the outside pressure had proved insufficient. By the blessing of Providence the Ministry were known to have leaped over their wall before ever the Home Secretary expressed his views as to the opinion of the people of Glasgow. The torture ordinary having proved so amply sufficient, why apply the torture extraordinary to the few vile bodies who were recalcitrant? The answer of the evil-minded would probably be that there is a pleasure in the act of hectoring which only hectors know. This may excuse the Home Secretary, but it does not make the position of the average Liberal member any the more comfortable. For some time to come (not for long, perhaps, but for some time to come) that poor creature will still have glimmerings of manliness and conscience. You cannot all at once raise a brood of gentlemen whose opinions "kin be changed" in a moment at the dictates of Executives and under the pressure of the Home Secretary's friendly advice. In the interval many bad quarters of an hour are in store for the half-hearted. On all sides of them dreadful faces lower. Here is Mr. Strong (an appropriately named person) and his Executive flourishing the corrective whip in the caucus. There is the Home Secretary punishing the refractory in the lobby. Assuming the survival of a slight sense of honour in the nominees of caucuses and the supporters of Sir William and his colleagues, the only thing for them that we can see is to imitate Mr. Brogden and have urgent private business in New Zealand. Even that will probably not save them long, for, at the rate at which we are going, we may expect a new rule stating that every member of the Liberal party who has not voted for the Government in a clear majority of the divisions of a Session shall *ipso facto* lose his seat at the end thereof. We humbly suggest this to the Home Secretary as likely to save him trouble, though it may at the same time deprive him of the undoubted pleasure of giving friendly advice in a graceful manner.

THE LERINS ISLANDS.

FOREIGNERS must often wonder, if they cast an eye down our English Calendar, what strange and capricious reasons have decreed that the names of certain saints still find a place there, while others with an equal, or perhaps greater, reputation for sanctity are left out altogether. Why, for instance, should Hilary be piously remembered on the thirteenth of January, and Honorat, whose day falls on the sixteenth, be ignored altogether? Honorat was Hilary's precursor in Christianity, his superior in the monastic life, while his spiritual gifts and miraculous powers found in Hilary an enthusiastic biographer. The votaries of the saint claim for him the honour of having founded the monasticism of the West, and try to make out that he was the spiritual instructor of St. Patrick, and, as such, the source of the Christianity planted by Patrick in Ireland and afterwards reimported into Britain. These claims may be without foundation, but it is a curious coincidence that a beneficent miracle similar to St. Patrick's driving out of the "varmint" is attributed to St. Honorat, who is said to have entirely freed his island of serpents, though it was infested by them in such numbers that after they were dead the saint had to invoke a tidal wave to remove the bodies. Probably this story has been invented to insinuate that Patrick, among other good things, learned from Honorat how thus effectually to caution snakes.

Honorat has given his name to one of those islets off the coast of Provence known to the Romans as Lero and Lerina, and to

persons well up in modern French geography as Les îles Lérins. This group, consisting of two habitable islands and several rocky islets, lies close to the sandy spit of land jutting out from Cannes which divides the Golfe de la Napoule from the Golfe Jouan. A visit to these islands is one of the pleasantest of the many excursions to be made from Cannes. Steamers, two or three times daily, accomplish the passage in fractions of an hour varying according to the state of wind and waves. The time is so short that even French visitors frequently overcome their dread of a sea voyage sufficiently to embark on this trip. It is to be feared, however, that but few of the pilgrims are actuated by any pious intention of visiting the shrine of the saint, though at one time a pilgrimage thereto, by special gift of the Pope, scored as much to the credit of the pilgrim's soul as a visit to Jerusalem itself. But even in his own territory it seems the fate of the saint to be robbed of his glory by a lesser light. The isle St. Marguerite, the larger of the two islands, owing to its connexion with the history of that highly secular and mysterious personage the "Man with the Iron Mask," monopolizes the lion's share of the visitors' attention. In fact, not a few of the frequenters of the Riviera are ignorant of the separate existence of the smaller islet, and believe it to be merely a sort of peninsula jutting out of the larger. So fixed in some minds is this belief, that a courier who professed an intimate acquaintance with these parts was so obstinate in maintaining his assertion that there was only one island, that when shown the actual strait flowing between them his only remark was, "Nevertheless they are always considered as one."

Of all the favoured spots in that land of perpetual sunshine these little islets are the sunniest. The botanist finds floral treasures there that he seeks in vain upon the mainland. And plants transplanted thither, even from tropical latitudes, seem to take kindly to their soil. The Romans were not insensible to the attractions of these genial islets, though no traces of their occupation now remain, except some monumental stones with nearly obliterated inscriptions. "L'Aigrette de la Mer" is the pretty nickname bestowed on St. Honorat's isle on account of its fertile beauty. The historical importance of both islands, however, arises from the fact that the smaller was the seat of a monastery in very early times which looks up to St. Honorat as its founder. The monks have found a chronicler in the curé of the neighbouring parish of Vallaurio, who has written two long and learned volumes abundantly verified by numerous "pièces justificatives." The impartial reader, however, after toiling through it all, is forced to confess that the annals of St. Honorat, like those of the poor according to Gray, are "short and simple."

To begin with the saint. The place of his birth is uncertain, but he seems to have been the son of people of consideration somewhere in Gaul, and was from an early age noted for his charity. He and his brother set out for the East with the intention of becoming monks in the deserts of Syria or Egypt; but the death of the brother on the way turned Honorat from the project, and he returned to his native country, chose a convenient cave on Cap Roux, the promontory of the Esterels, and established himself there as a hermit. But he was soon crowded out, so to speak, by the number of visitors attracted by the strong odour of sanctity which clung to him. Thinking that to put the sea between himself and his admirers would be the best way to get rid of them, he changed his quarters to the island which has ever since borne his name. Here a little community of like-minded men soon gathered round him. The most famous of these was Hilary, who succeeded Honorat in the see of Arles, and wrote a eulogistic life of him, and describes his language as so sweet that it seemed to restore the honey to the waxen tablets on which he wrote. The monks soon spread over the larger island as well. They appear to have been solitaries living in separate cells, but they had one curious custom—they all came to the head-quarters of St. Honorat to cook their dinners for the week every Saturday. By and by they spread still further to the mainland. The monastery on the Lerins was the cradle of the Canons Regular of St. Augustin of St. Ruf at Avignon, an order which spread over all Europe, and to which the only English Pope, Adrian IV., belonged. The head-quarters of this order were afterwards transferred from Avignon to the little island of Eparivière, opposite Valence.

By the seventh century the monks had grown very numerous and most unruly. A new abbot, Aygulphe, was appointed from the abbey of St. Aignan at Orleans. He was so shocked at the want of discipline that he introduced the rule of St. Benedict, and was in consequence murdered by the disaffected party among the monks. We next hear of a general massacre of abbot and monks by the Saracens. As a protection against these and other marauders the monks built a strong fortified tower in the eleventh century, and to this they fled whenever there was danger of an attack. They were exempted from all episcopal jurisdiction by Pascal II., 1100, who declared them directly dependent on the Holy See. They thus became very independent for a time, till the schism of the West, when the monks took the side of the Avignon Popes. This led to the loss of their independence, for at the ending of the schism they were out of favour with the Pope actually in power, who put them in commendation to the Bishop of Grasse. This was the beginning of the decay of the monastery. The commendators, who were frequently merely secular princes, thought of nothing but screwing money out of the community. Disorder and anarchy again disgraced the brotherhood. In 1512 they were affiliated to the reformed Benedictines of St. Justine of Padua, and things went better for awhile. Soon after this the com-

munity ceded their rights over the larger island of St. Marguerite to the town of Cannes or Château-Franc, as it was called in those days; a name which had superseded the older Château-Marcellin, from the time that Raymond-Berenger of Provence had declared it *franc* or free from all *droit d'alberge*, and under his special protection. About the same time the power of appointing commendators was appropriated by the French Crown. It was held both by Richelieu and Mazarin. Another distinguished name connected with the monastery is that of Francis I., who passed a night here on his way from Pavia to Spain. After a short revival consequent on its union with St. Justine the religious life declined again. When the Commissioners appointed to secularize the monastery arrived there on June 10, 1788, four monks only were to be found, who returned peaceably to the bosom of their respective families. Since then it has passed through a series of profane hands till it was bought by the Bishop of Fréjus, who re-established on it a colony of Cistercians. These seem to have managed better in accommodating themselves to the existing *régime* than most of the religious orders in France, for they still flourish unmolested; have built themselves new monastic buildings, and are most affable and courteous in doing the honours of their ancient keep—the outer walls of which are still entire—to all inquiring visitors. There is little that is at all amusing to be found in these monastic annals. Now and then some tragic event is so quaint as to provoke a smile. Thus, for instance, when an abbot dies of a potion bestowed on him by a monk, in order to increase his love towards the giver, we cannot but recollect how narrowly poor Sancho Panza escaped a like fate when Don Quixote graciously deigned to bestow on him a draught of his “balm of life.” More ludicrous still is the fate of a painted altar-piece displaying the acts of St. Honorat, which, to secure it from the hands of Genoese, Spaniards, or corsairs, the enemies who were ever pillaging the community, was taken to Cannes, and, not being thought safe enough there, was transferred to the hermitage of St. Cassien, where one of the hermits subsequently used it for firewood, a mistake which one cannot help ascribing more to design than accident.

But small space is left to speak of the larger island of St. Marguerite. A pretty legend ascribing the name of this island to a favourite sister of Honorat, who fixed her abode there in order to be near her brother, is probably the fruit of Provençal imagination, and it is more likely that it perpetuates the memory of the better-known martyr of Antioch. As we have before stated, this island was the property of the monks of St. Honorat until they handed it over to the town of Cannes. The Spaniards at one time had possession of it, and were so delighted with their conquest that they called it finding “una joya incognita,” in playful reference to the primary meaning of its name. When they were dislodged, a fortress was built on the top of the steep crags that rise on the northern side like a wall from the water. This fortress, from its inaccessible position, was a favourite stronghold for the warding of State prisoners. The Man with the Iron Mask has made it notable. Protestant ministers from the Cevennes were also secured here, and its clerical biographer records with pride how one heretic was converted from the error of his ways within its walls. In our own time the story of Bazaine's easily effected escape is still fresh in every one's memory. At present it is used, as it was during the Algerian war, for the keeping of the Arab prisoners brought from Tunis. It makes a pleasant break in the monotony of a Cannes drive to come on a fresh bevy of prisoners waiting on the beach till the boat comes back that has taken their comrades over to their island prison. How a dozen stalwart Arabs can be got to submit to the four pigmy French soldiers to whose care they are committed is a matter of marvel. There they sit, each swaddled in a dirty burnous, like a row of Patiences on monuments, the said monuments being recumbent logs of wood, with the quartet of lilliputian guards behind, and a crowd of admiring boys in front noting their every gesture with as much surprise and delight as if they were overgrown apes, instead of human beings. At last the boat arrives, and these passive sons of Islam are hustled down to the water's edge like the souls in Dante's vision at the passage of the Styx, Charon's part of beating the laggards onward with his oar being enacted by one of the puny guardians with his bayonet. In former days, when there were but a handful of these dusky strangers, they were allowed to roam at large over the island, no very wide demesne to men accustomed to the run of the desert. And it was a favourite joke of the boatmen to point to their flowing robes and shaven polls, and declare that the old monks had come back again. There are, however, too many of the Tunisians now there to be indulged with even that amount of freedom, and they are confined to the precincts of the prison, where they form a new object of interest to the many visitors bent on seeing the very room where the Man with the Iron Mask solaced himself by playing on the guitar and throwing silver dishes out of the window.

MR. COLLINGS ON ART.

IT was a somewhat remarkable interlude to the only too serious business of other kinds before the House of Commons that was afforded on Monday night by the ingenuity of Mr. Jesse Collings. The member for Ipswich moved, “That, in the opinion of this House, grants in aid of Art and Industrial Museums should not be confined to London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, but that a

special grant should be made to the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, to enable them to supply Provincial Art Galleries and Museums with original examples and reproductions of industrial art, adapted to their special local requirements, and also to maintain and to still further develop the circulation system now administered by the Department; that gifts or loans of such articles and works as may be available from the National Art Collections and from the British Museum should be made to Provincial Art Galleries and Museums; and that such aid be confined to those towns or localities which are rated under the Free Libraries and Museums Act, and that the amount of such aid be proportioned to the sums raised and spent in each locality; and that, in order to give due effect to these proposals, it is desirable to place the whole of the National Art and other Collections, including the National Gallery and British Museum, under the direct control and administration of a Department of the Government.” The motion itself is curious enough, and not least because, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, it began by asking to have a thing done which was already done; but the arguments which Mr. Jesse Collings brought forward to support it were more curious still. The last time that Mr. Collings visited the “unique specimens of the goldsmith's art in the British Museum” there were seven persons present, three of whom were ladies; while in Birmingham there were twenty thousand working goldsmiths who had never seen these magnificent jewels. The deduction from these premises was to Mr. Collings at once obvious. On the one hand, at a certain time on a certain day the unique specimens of the goldsmith's art in the British Museum are inspected by three women and four men, one of whom is Mr. Collings. On the other hand, at all times of all days there are twenty thousand working goldsmiths in Birmingham. This is clearly a monstrous state of things; and if, in putting it, with his own inference from it, before his hearers, Mr. Collings forgot to mention how many working goldsmiths there are in London, he had, it will be seen, excellent reason for taking no sort of notice of such persons. London is now, to use a familiar phrase, “out of it” in all questions of national importance. To something of its effiteness and of its wickedness, especially the wickedness of its Clubs, we had already had our eyes opened; but it remained for Mr. Collings to lay bare the uttermost depths of the insignificance of the metropolis and its inhabitants. “The people of the country would not now submit to be governed in this respect by the mechanical plans of London coteries. Indeed, the country governed London by its riper and more generous ideas, and well for London that this was so, as the events of recent years had demonstrated.” There is something dark and weird and fateful in this utterance; but why did not Mr. Collings tell us who are the people who supply the riper and more generous ideas to the happy country which, armed with them, governs London and saves it from unknown calamities? From this lofty flight Mr. Collings dropped down to facts; but, as it would seem, he was so filled with the idea of the vastness of “the country” and the insignificance of London that he forgot for a moment on which side of the question he was speaking. For, going on to say that there ought to be “a circulating department,” he backed his suggestion by the, in this connexion, curious statement that “the country was helping itself in this matter to an extent of which Londoners could have no conception.” Londoners are by nature stupid and despicable people, just as Birminghamers are by nature clever and estimable people; but even to the dull brain of the Londoner it may occur that, if “the country” is helping itself in this matter so remarkably well, there is the less need for the Londoner's having his art treasures reft from him, to be circulated about the country like a book from Mudie's. Mr. Collings, however, knows better, and he or “the country”—the two would seem to be synonymous—knowing also that “the changes he advocated demanded money from the Treasury, thought there were many means by which the current expenditure might be curtailed.”

Mr. Gladstone in answer pointed out that “grants in aid of Art and Industrial Museums were not confined to London, Edinburgh, and Dublin,” commented good-humouredly on the impracticable nature of Mr. Collings's remarkable proposition, and paid graceful and thoroughly well-deserved compliments to the management of the National Portrait Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum. With regard to the Museum he stated—and there is a certain humour in the simple form of the statement—that it “had in it, to a certain extent, the elements of a private or semi-private foundation, and there was very considerable difficulty in sweeping away the whole of the Trustees with their present complicated arrangements.” On this particular branch of the subject Mr. Beresford Hope, who paid Mr. Collings a compliment as to the general intention of his scheme, naturally had something to say, and what he said was much to the purpose. He could, he said, quite understand the idea of a hard, merciless concentration of art treasures under State administration. That, as he went on to say, was what is done in France and other countries. But, as it happens, it is precisely what is not done, and what, as we think, ought not to be done here. A national collection “presided over by a Committee who possess something of individual independence,” and who take the greatest interest in the charges committed to them, is what, so far as we are aware, no other great country has to show. People who have got into the habit of regarding the British Museum as a mere collection may readily clear themselves of their error by inquiring more nearly into the facts and studying the details of Mr. Beresford Hope's speech, in the

course of which he called attention to the fact that, "if the Museum was selling its duplicates, it was the Treasury that was to blame. . . . The honourable member would do well to abandon his crude and visionary idea of boiling all these institutions in a cauldron, and to join in securing, on the most liberal terms, the distribution of reproductions amongst the provincial museums." On behalf of South Kensington Mr. Mundella "had often told his friends that it was impossible that South Kensington, or any other department, could undertake to supply original examples to the provinces." But South Kensington could advise and assist provincial bodies, and quite lately there had been a notable example of this. One objection to the proposed distribution of original examples is the squabbling for them which would inevitably ensue. But there is a more cogent and more fatal objection, which goes to the root of Mr. Collings's proposal, and which we will give in Mr. Mundella's own words:—"No such distribution could be made without disintegrating the national collection, which it was necessary to keep intact, not merely for the four millions of people in London, but still more for the sake of the people of the provinces, who had every right to expect, when they did come to London, that they should find the best originals in the national collections." Mr. George Howard also spoke much to the purpose, and it is much to be desired that Mr. Howard's hope that "the Treasury would enable them to enlarge the National Gallery, because they were so cramped that they could not find room for the Turner drawings or any new pictures," will not remain long unfulfilled. Mr. Collings would, no doubt, propose the short way with this difficulty of sending the Turner drawings to "the country," or, in other words, to Birmingham; but Londoners, down-trodden as they are, might yet turn and protest against such a scheme. It is certainly more than time that certain matters connected with the art treasures of London were set in order, amongst them the matter referred to by Mr. Howard, and the matter to which we have frequently referred of the safe and proper housing of the National Portraits. With these things Mr. Collings is, of course, in no way concerned. They affect degraded London, and not exalted Birmingham. But, if his "crude and visionary" motion has had the effect of increasing attention to them, it may not after all have been useless.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

MOST Englishmen have a lurking contempt for the celebration of centuries, bicentenaries, tercentenaries, and so on, as being deficient in, to use a Gallicism, *actuality*. They are felt to be antiquarian revivals, and to have a character of unreality cleaving to them. To get up any enthusiasm about them and the events they commemorate one must in most cases, like the Marchioness, make believe very much. But the recent celebration at Palermo of the sixth centenary of the Sicilian Vespers has not been liable to this reproach. It has supplied an outlet for an enthusiasm which is evidently real, and it at least threatened to arouse an imitation which would have been no less so. It is not every event six hundred years old the proposal to celebrate which can call forth a serious protest from a Bishop, and an equally serious deprecation from a Senator and ex-Minister of any hostile intention. Strangely enough, the sixth centenary of the Sicilian Vespers—the slaughter by Sicilian patriots of a number of intrusive Frenchmen and Provençals—has found the relations between France and Italy somewhat "strained," as the elegant diplomatic phrase is. It is the presence of the French in Tunis that gave its real or fancied sting to the proposal to commemorate that Easter Tuesday on the last day of March 1282, when Palermo rang with the cry "Death to the French!" That there was something in this view of the case is shown not only by the pains which have been taken to impress upon us that the idea of the commemoration was conceived long before the Tunis affair, and by the earnestness with which Signor Crispi and Senator Perez repudiated any intention of a hostile demonstration against a neighbouring people, but also by the genuine anxiety which was felt lest the Italian residents in Tunis should attempt any commemoration similar to that at Palermo. Possibly, if some cause of unpleasantness had arisen between us and the Danes, they might resent a proposal on our part to revive the memory of the massacre of St. Brice, which, improved, as it would seem, into an honest battle and victory, did actually form the subject of a "storial show" played by the men of Coventry before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Comparative mythologists would no doubt be capable of making out that the massacre of St. Brice, the Sicilian Vespers, and the St. Bartholomew were only different versions of one and the same story. With regard to the first two events, our comparative mythologist would of course observe that both represent an uprising of the natives against insolent foreigners—Danes in England, Frenchmen in Sicily. Indeed, the general resemblance is strong enough to justify so rigidly accurate an historian as Mr. Freeman in speaking of "the vespers of St. Brice," although, as far as we can judge from the evidence collected by him, it nowhere appears clearly whether it was at the hour of matins or of vespers "on St. Britius mæssedæg" that "all the Danish men" fell by a sudden and unlooked-for doom. Perhaps John of Wallingford's story that a Saturday was chosen for the massacre because on Saturday the Danish warriors, in their sinful luxury and foppishness, were wont to take their weekly bath, may be held to point towards the close of the day. Our Chronicles—to return to more serious

authorities—give a character of premeditation to this massacre, representing it to have been done by the express orders of King Æthelred, which, if true, would distinguish it from the more spontaneous outburst of the Vespers of Palermo, and would rather assimilate it to the long-prepared and minutely-arranged St. Bartholomew of Protestant legend—we say of Protestant legend advisedly, because dispassionate inquirers are becoming more and more inclined to look upon the St. Bartholomew itself as the offspring of a hurried resolution. Our mythologist may fairly avail himself of those later and legendary accounts of the St. Brice which represent it to have been provoked by the behaviour, or misbehaviour, of the foreigners to the women of the land—again a strong point of resemblance with the Sicilian Vespers. Even the charge brought against the Sicilians of extending their vengeance to those of their own country-women who had accepted a foreign husband or lover finds its counterpart in the legends recorded by John of Wallingford, whose death is assigned to a date earlier than that of the Sicilian Vespers.

Whatever we may think about the premeditation of the St. Brice or the St. Bartholomew, the famous incidents which fixed the name of Vespers upon the insurrection of Palermo can hardly have been aught but the result of chance. Conspiracy, doubtless, stood ready organized in the background, and the mine of long-accumulated popular hatred only wanted a touch to fire it. The dominion set up by Charles of Anjou in Sicily was more intolerable even than the wont of foreign dominion; there was fiscal oppression, growing heavier and heavier in order to feed Charles's schemes of Eastern empire; grinding taxation on the system we should now describe as Turkish—his officials, we are told, never admitted the existence of agricultural distress, and the dues from flock, or field, or hive, were always calculated on the maximum; the defaulting taxpayer was waylaid and dragged even from the doors of the church, nay, from within the church itself. There was social oppression, worse, or at least more continuous and systematic, than aught we read of in the worst days of our own Norman Conquest; foreign nobles in the great fiefs, foreign soldiers living at free quarters, heiresses wedded against their will to foreigners, women of less estate given over to a yet harder fate. There was the league of enemies gathering round the Angevin dynasty—the King of Aragon, a rival claimant of the Sicilian kingdom; the Eastern Emperor, whose throne was threatened by Charles of Anjou; the Pope Nicholas III.; the disaffected Sicilian nobles, and with them that ubiquitous personage, John of Procida, who has at least had the credit of pulling all the strings of the conspiracy, and who, like many another patriot, is said to have had the cruellest of private wrongs to stimulate him. The Vespers of Palermo only hastened matters to a crisis. Few scenes of history have in them more picturesque and poetical material. We see the inhabitants of Palermo, forgetting their misery and their wrongs in the joyous Easter-tide, and taking their way to the Church of the Holy Ghost outside the town. There is the religious service first, and the merry-making after. The French soldiers trouble the feast with their insolent pretext of searching for arms; one of them, rushing blindly on his fate, lays rude hands on the young bride who approaches with her bridegroom and her friends. The cry of "Death to the French!" breaks from the bridegroom's lips, and gives the signal for the slaughter, which spreads throughout the island. Tradition has preserved the story that the shibboleth used to detect the hunted French consisted of the words *ceci* and *ciceri* (chick-peas), words, as Sismondi remarks, almost impossible to be pronounced by French lips. One righteous man alone is found—the Provençal William des Porcets, Governor of Calatafimi, who, in acknowledgment of the humanity of his rule, is by common consent put safe on board ship to return to his home.

Had the massacre been all, it would have been hardly worth commemorating. But, unlike massacres in general, it had some result beyond mere hatred and bloodshed. It was the first stage of a revolution which set Sicily free from a galling foreign yoke. Not indeed that this was effected without aid from outside; but we need not here discuss the part played by the King of Aragon, to whom the island turned for deliverance. It is as a symbol of national determination to stand alone and to brook no foreign interference that the memory of the Vespers has been revived and celebrated as an Italian, not merely a Sicilian, festival. Signor Crispi, in his discourse at Palermo, has so carefully set forth the historical reasons why the centenary was never kept before, that there is no need to repeat them. His admission that Sicily soon lost what she had gained by the Vespers, and that it is from the example of the great French Revolution that her people learned the need of liberty, will no doubt afford solace to the wounded feelings—if they are really wounded—of the *grande nation*. In truth, the incident does require rather delicate handling. Make it out what way you will, the Vespers mean the cutting of two thousand—or four thousand—French throats. Signor Perez judiciously deplored this part of the business as "the inevitable excesses of popular reaction," and gracefully dismissed the victims with a *Parce sepulto*. This phrase perhaps rather unhappily reminds us that it is said that their slayers denied them decent burial, merely heaping the corpses together in a pit. Stress seems to have been wisely laid by the speaker on the heroism of the twenty years' struggle which followed upon the Vespers, rather than on the actual outburst of popular rage; and reprobation was chiefly bestowed upon the Pope—Urban IV.—who called Charles of Anjou to the Sicilian throne, and upon Charles himself. The modern liberator of Sicily, General Garibaldi, has indeed

characteristically improved the occasion by a denunciation of the dweller on the right bank of the Tiber, and his "black hounds," and by an appeal to the brave people of Palermo to remember how the benedictions of the Vatican were bestowed upon the "mercenaries"—it is impossible not to admire the ingenious way in which any mention of Frenchmen is avoided—who were "driven out" (this, again, is something of a euphemism) in 1282. If there were Popes who favoured Charles of Anjou, there was also one Pope who threatened him with the wrath of God for his tyranny—it is true that part of his tyranny consisted in taxing ecclesiastical property, which ought to pass for a virtue with anti-clericalists—and another who acted in direct, though secret, hostility to him; but these facts would not come so well into the General's manifesto. This anti-clerical tone would, however, seem to have been confined to General Garibaldi. Otherwise the celebration appears to have rather taken an ecclesiastical turn. Historical exigencies made a church—that of the Holy Ghost, outside which the first blow was struck against the French—the goal of the procession, and it was only appropriate that there should be a religious ceremony. The very name of the Vespers stands as a testimony that the patriots of the days that are gone went to church and kept Easter like good Catholic Christians.

A FATHER OF MOUNTAINEERING.

IN the year of grace 1555 Conrad Gesner of Zürich, physician and botanist, made a journey to Luzern, and undertook the ascent of Pilatus. And this was a matter not to be lightly undertaken; not so much, it should seem, from any excessive apprehension of dangers of any ordinary kind, as because rash men might provoke the ghost of Pilate, who notoriously haunted the mountain, to do some grievous mischief to the neighbourhood as well as to themselves. The country folk, for their better security in this respect, would admit no one on the enchanted ground unless guided by a respectable citizen of Luzern, who could moreover certify them that the expedition was allowed by the authorities. It is easy to perceive that Gesner did not share their fears. He submitted of need, however, to the local regulations, like climbers of Mont Blanc in later days; and, having done all things in due form, recounted his ascent, along with many other curious matters, in the book now before us, one of the smallest of the many works by which he became famous in the scientific world, and still preserves an historical reputation:—*Descriptio montis Fracti sive montis Pilati ut vulgo nominant iuxta Lucernam in Helvetia, per Conradum Gesnerum*. The Latin of the text is better by some degrees than might be guessed from the Latin of the title. It is quite a short tract, and, although Gesner's main object was evidently botanical, there is more about the legend of Pilate than anything else. Yet the few pages of actual description are remarkable. For they show that Gesner, in the infancy of natural science, and as nearly as possible three centuries before mountaineering became a recognized art and pastime, had the curiosity of the man of science and the true spirit of the mountaineer. Along with this he had a much better eye for scenery than many distinguished persons a couple of centuries later. Of course nobody thinks anything of the ascent of Pilatus now. You can go by steamboat or by an excellent road to the foot of the mountain proper, and walk or ride up a well-kept path, or rather, whichever you please of two or three such, all the rest of the way. If you want to enjoy a sunset or sunrise view, there is a good inn close to the top. Whatever natural difficulties presented themselves have been engineered away; and people who want real climbing go to look for it elsewhere. None of these conveniences existed in Gesner's time; and we may well believe that Pilatus in the middle of the sixteenth century called for something more than an ordinary citizen's limbs and head.

Gesner's temper, at any rate, is that of a born mountain traveller. The party slept out in a chalet, "in foenili quodam Eijetalae vallis [Eigenthal] apud pastorem sane benignum et hospitem," and feasted on the host's milk and cheese, "qui variis de lactario opere cibis nos refecit." In the next day's walk they waxed rapturous over a drink of cold water; and Gesner here declares his belief that the halting times of a mountain walk afford the highest pleasure of which man is capable. And this he proves not only in general, but of all the senses in order. First, as to touch, the whole body is excellently refreshed after exertion by the coolness of the air. As to sight, he speaks so much to the point as to deserve almost a full translation. "The sight," he says, "is delighted with a rare prospect of summits, mountain chains, rocks, forests, valleys, rivers, springs, and meadows. As concerning colour, the greater part of the scene is in full verdure and flower. As concerning the forms that are to be seen, there are strange and wonderful kinds thereof in cliffs, rocks, ravines, and otherwise; and these are likewise admirable for their greatness and height. If it please you to strain the power of the eye, and look forth far and wide and all around, you shall not want for spaces and heights that make you seem as one going with his head in the clouds. If contrariwise you will gather in your view, you shall behold meadows and green woods, or else gaze upon shady valleys, overshadowing rocks, or darkened caverns. In all things change and variety are pleasant, but chiefly in things of sense. And in no other places is so much variety found, and that in such little space, as in the mountains, wherein, to speak not of other things, you may in one day see and taste the four parts of the year—summer, autumn,

spring, and winter. Moreover, from the high mountain crests the whole hemisphere of our sky will be freely open to your gaze, and you may without hindrance note the rising and setting of the stars, and you may perceive the sun setting far later, and in turn rising sooner." The sense of hearing is pleased by friendly conversation and mirth, by the song of birds, and by the very silence of the waster region. Here is no clamour of the town, no noise of contention. Here in the solemn quiet of the mountains is the fitting place for a man to think he catches the fancied harmony of the spheres. "Hic in profundo et religioso quodam silentio" (we quote the sentence as a favourable specimen of Gesner's Latin) "ex præaltis montium iugis ipsam fere caelestium, si quæ est, orbium harmoniam exaudire tibi videberis." For smell there are the sweet Alpine herbs and flowers, sweeter and more potent than they grow in the plain. The air is clear and wholesome, free from the gross vapours and infection of the lower region. Led by the nostrils to the brain, by the artery to the lungs and heart, it brings no offence, but help and strength. We may observe that Gesner knew no more of the circulation of the blood than his neighbours; but that is no matter for surprise three-quarters of a century before Harvey's discovery. Last come the pleasures of taste, which are expounded in a curious little physiological discussion on the effects of drinking cold water; and Gesner sums up the inquiry by once more asserting that, for a healthy man with a proper eye for nature, there is no such pleasure as the pleasure of a mountain walk. "Give me," he exclaims, "a man of reasonably good complexion in mind and body, of liberal nurture, not the slave of indolence, luxury, or passion; and I would have him a curious admirer of nature, too, that by beholding and admiring these so great works of the Master-workman, and this so great variety displayed in one collection among the mountains, pleasure of the mind should be added to the harmonious pleasure of all the senses: what manner of delight, I ask, shall you find within the bounds of nature so high, so worthy, and in every respect so perfect?"

There were already croakers, it seems, to whom the dangers and hardships of Alpine travelling afforded matter for lamentable dehortations. Gesner treats them with just contempt. "It is objected that the walking and fatigue are toilsome and disagreeable, and there is danger of hard places and precipices. There is lack of dainty food and soft lying. Granted; but the memory of these toils and dangers will be a pleasure afterwards when we call them to mind and relate them to our friends." (The modern climber, with the fear before his eyes of being called upon to read a paper to the Alpine Club, may think otherwise; but there was no Alpine Club in Gesner's days.) "And the greater will be the pleasure of rest succeeding fatigue, and the greater even its healthfulness, in a well-constituted man such as I suppose. For as we walk, or sometimes jump, every part of the body is exercised. We work and stretch every nerve and muscle, some in going up, some in coming down, and with variety in each of these kinds too, if (as is the case in mountain walking) the course is sometimes straightforward, and sometimes slanting." Obviously it was rougher going on Pilatus in the sixteenth century than in the nineteenth. That Gesner exaggerates, after the fashion of the earlier eighteenth-century travellers, we wholly decline to assume. As for the dangers of precipices, he continues—why, if you have a bad head, you need not go there. As to the food, what can be better than all the Alpine preparations of milk—"lactaria illa opera"—delicacies which, moreover, the exercise makes harmless even to town stomachs? But if you must needs have other food, a porter can carry it for you. On the point of bedding, Gesner's scorn reaches the height of eloquence. "But there are no beds, no mattresses, no feathers, no pillows. Luxurious and effeminate wretch! hay shall serve you for all. Soft it is, and perfumed, compounded of the wholesomest grasses and flowers. You shall sleep more sweetly and healthfully than ever before, with this for a pillow under your head, for a mattress under your body, and spread over you for a blanket." Gesner's enthusiasm is delightful; yet the verity of the case compels us to add that, in modern times at least, there is one drawback he has omitted. "Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit"; in the very blossom of Alpine hay there skips and bites a shrewd enemy. Did he not exist in Gesner's day? We opine that he did not; and this not merely for the sake of Gesner's truthfulness, but because he was a naturalist and collector of notable animals. One of his works is an illustrated "History of Animals." We have not seen this, and therefore cannot say if it contains any such great and terrible Alpine monsters as a century and a half later were seen by divers credible witnesses, and figured after their descriptions in Scheuchzer's *Itinera Alpina*. One such, a kind of griffin with a grinning cat's face, was reproduced in an early volume of the *Alpine Journal*. Gesner probably had more of the dry light of the scientific observer, and a less fertile imagination. But he was a man capable of lively impressions and vigorous description; and we cannot but surmise that, if the subject had been fairly presented to him, he would have both described and figured in its true colours a monster more terrible to the traveller than any of Scheuchzer's. Need we name this monster? It is the Alpine Flea.

THE ODYSSEY OF THE DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS.

"IT is cruel, perhaps," says a noble-minded "editorial," as the Americans have it, of *Le Figaro* "to call the attention of our readers to the appearance which they will never be able to possess, *ni pour or ni pour argent*, but" duty is a paramount con-

sideration, and it is clearly the duty of the *Figaro* to keep its readers well informed upon all current literary topics; for which reason it proceeds to give them some choice extracts from a privately printed edition of the works of Alexandre Dumas the second—the second, as we venture to think, in both senses of the word. The publication of these extracts is curiously characteristic all round, as will be seen by the fact that the “editorial” goes on to relate how M. Dumas, speaking to a common friend of his and the *Figaro*’s some days before the appearance of the article, remarked that he thought it was better to present his “interpreters” with a special copy of his works than to invite them to a supper. “One supper is like another; I would rather show my gratitude to the actors who have had a part in my successes by giving them some personal remembrance, which will please them at least as much as would the efforts of a *restaurateur*. In these six volumes they will find *des notes toutes intimes* written on purpose for them; and this edition will be issued with this view only. I talk so much about myself in it that other people might well get bored with me.” The *Figaro*, disclaiming altogether the attitude attributed to “other people,” goes on to lay some of the *notes toutes intimes* before what we may, borrowing a phrase from Dickens, term other people. “Here,” says the *Figaro*, “is one of the notes appended to the *Dame aux Camélias*, and we begin with Dumas the son reading the play to Dumas the father.” M. Dumas the younger, as it appears in his account of this, began to read the piece under the influence of an agitation such as he has seldom felt. He considered his father as his “*juge suprême*,” and that he did this is certainly creditable to him. At the end of the first act the elder Dumas said, kindly and gravely, “Very good, go on.” At the end of the second he had tears in his eyes, and said, “Go on, go on.” During the third act his emotion mastered him; he wept like a child, and as he said “Read me the rest,” “il me regardait comme il ne m’avait jamais regardé.” From this moment began, M. Dumas *fils* continues, the remarkable *Odyssey* of this play. It was read at the Théâtre Historique, and received with tears, applause, and the anticipation of a great success. One actress, “une jolie fille, non sans talent,” M. Dumas gracefully calls her, wept so bitterly that he inquired why she did so, and she replied, “Parce que je suis poitrinaire comme Marguerite Gautier, et que je mourrai comme elle.” The writer proceeds to say that, in fact, she did die of consumption some few years later, and evidently takes both the tears and the fulfilment of the prophecy as a tribute to his own talent. M. Dumas *fils* is not content, however, with this. He amplifies and embellishes this *note intime* by an elaborate description of the actress’s last days, which is given in a style which those people whose not altogether fortunate task it has been to study closely the works of M. Dumas the younger can easily imagine for themselves. One touch, however, and that the last, is so strikingly characteristic of the author, and of the editor who has made it a matter of duty to make public the author’s *notes intimes*, that it may be not amiss to quote it. Speaking of this actress’s funeral, which is dragged in because M. Dumas was asked to attend it, he says:—“Nous fûmes tous exacts au triste rendez-vous, sauf un comédien qui avait été fort aimé de cette fille, mais qui, vivant alors avec une autre, eut peur d’une scène avec celle-ci, et préféra s’abstenir.” Such a passage as this carries its own condemnation so strongly, that it would be difficult to make any adequate comment upon it; but it may be noted that it is only an expression which chances to be extreme of the feeling, if feeling it can be called, which underlies everything which the younger Dumas has written, from the sickly *Dame aux Camélias* to the dull, rather than gross, *Demi-Monde*, and from that onwards to all the plays and pamphlets which he has since bestowed upon his readers.

Having delivered himself touching this incident, M. Dumas goes on to relate how, after the failure of the Théâtre Historique, he carried his piece to various managers, who all refused it, and how at last he took it to Mlle. Déjazet, who wept over it, predicted an immense success for it, and said that she could not produce it. Then he proposed to read it to Mlle. Rachel, who appointed a time for hearing it, and at the appointed time went out to play *loto* at a friend’s house. Then, having made so many distinguished people weep over the mawkish sorrows of Marguerite Gautier, M. Dumas took to weeping over them himself, while he revised his manuscript, and so well did he time his contemporaneous correcting and weeping that a sympathetic friend of his, who had some theatrical influence, came into his rooms, and found him sitting with red eyes in a room artificially darkened, while outside it was broad daylight. He asked why the room was darkened, and why the eyes were red, and M. Dumas replied that it was on account of a play “which, as you have not yet heard it, I will now proceed to recite to you.” The friend had walked into the trap, and for two hours “nous pleurnichâmes ensemble sur les malheurs de Marguerite, mais malgré notre émotion et nos tirades sur l’imbécillité des directeurs, la pièce entra à nouveau dans mon tiroir.” If it were not too late one would be inclined to exclaim, “There let it lay”; but, unluckily for the dramatic literature of France, M. Dumas not long afterwards, “par une belle soirée de printemps,” found gathered together on the boulevard a group of actors and an ex-manager, to whom he apparently owed the production of the play about which he so enthusiastically discourses, and of whom, by way of gratitude, he gives a somewhat clever, and extremely insolent and ill-bred, sketch. After the account of this meeting, which M. Dumas, with the same good feeling and courtesy that mark the whole of this *note intime*, dismisses as a *menu détail*, comes the one part of his story which is, from the dramatic

student’s point of view, interesting. The part of Marguerite Gautier was at first entrusted to Mme. Fargueil; but Mme. Fargueil took not unnaturally an extreme dislike to it, and it was offered to Mme. Doche, who, according to M. Dumas, was then in London, and had then definitely made up her mind to leave the stage. M. Fechter, armed with the manuscript copy of the piece, went over to see her, and when she had heard the play read, she at once had her trunks packed and returned to Paris in order to play the part of the heroine. That Mme. Doche made an immense success in the part, and indeed made the success of the play, there can be no manner of doubt, and it is only to be deplored that so great an actress as Mme. Doche, according to all competent testimony, was should have been the means of giving vitality to so intrinsically mean a production as *La Dame aux Camélias*. Once the fashion was set, the play obtained notoriety and popularity, was produced here on the operatic stage as an opera, and has lately been produced here as a play in a modified form which made it even more maudlin and more repellent than it is in its original state. That its original success in France had a great and, to our thinking, a most pernicious literary influence, there can be no doubt; and there can also be no doubt that this success was mainly due to the acting of Mme. Doche and M. Fechter. As to their performance M. Dumas *fils* has one amusing story to tell. M. Dumas was then a young author, and his notions as to stage-management carried comparatively little weight. He was convinced that at a certain point in the fourth act Armand, Marguerite’s lover, ought to bring her down on her knees with a violent gesture, and raise his hand as if his impulse were to strike or even kill her. “C’était conséquent avec la situation, le monde particulier où l’action se passa, et l’état d’esprit où se trouvait le héros.” This was the opinion of M. Dumas, but it was not the opinion of M. Fechter, who was to play Armand, and who, constantly assuring the author that this particular piece of business would not go down with the audience, at last, wearied out by M. Dumas’s importunity, said “Very well, have it your own way. The piece will not run as far as this situation, and therefore it matters little what we decide upon.” The piece, however, did run to this situation; and Mme. Doche, who had not been prepared for anything of the kind in rehearsal, found herself dragged down on her knees and violently menaced by M. Fechter. “L’effet fut immense”; so immense that M. Fechter, in the heat of the moment, knocked over a heavy candlestick; “ce qui augmenta encore l’émotion et l’enthousiasme du public complètement entraîné par les deux artistes.” People talked a good deal at the time, and have talked a good deal since, as M. Dumas tells us, of a quarrel between Mme. Doche and M. Fechter. “Elle datait de cette scène, Mme. Doche reprochant très justement à Fechter d’avoir improvisé en scène un mouvement de cette importance sans l’avoir prévenu.”

The complaint was certainly, on the face of it, just enough; and in one sense it may be thought unfortunate that Mme. Doche’s art and trained presence of mind were equal to the occasion. Had she been unable or unwilling to take in and meet the situation thus suddenly thrust upon her, the fate of *La Dame aux Camélias* might have been less fortunate for the author than it was, and the French stage might never have been occupied either with that particular play which, with a certain amount of cleverness, is yet remarkably stupid, or with many subsequent plays the dulness and wrongheadedness of which have been excused by Parisian audiences on account of the author’s increased mastery of technical stage knowledge and of a peculiar kind of mechanical wit. Remembering these later plays, one is tempted to turn to paradox and say that *La Dame aux Camélias*, over which M. Dumas and the *Figaro* make so much fuss, is both the worst and the best of the author’s pieces. Its writing is poor and its motive is wrong, but it has a consistent wrongness. The sympathy of the audience is demanded in an unworthy way; but in a way less unworthy than that which makes De Nanjac in *Le Demi-Monde* say of the selfish rake who has been occupied in hunting down an unlucky adventuress, who but for him might have found and used her chance of becoming a decent person, that he is “le plus honnête homme que je connaisse,” and so bring the curtain down with applause.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

IN a highly popular play acted some time ago at Drury Lane, the University contest was spoken of with deep feeling as the only race in which the great betting public felt real confidence. Without pausing to inquire how much sympathy the betting public may deserve from their countrymen, it may be observed that the dramatist’s remark still holds good, and that, strangely enough, the confidence which is felt in the honesty of the race is not unlikely to result in the extinction of its popularity. People who are about to stake their money on the result of a contest naturally make every effort to ascertain what that result is likely to be; but, as need hardly be said, often have to contend with very great difficulties in their attempts, owing to the energetic efforts of their fellow-creatures to prevent them from obtaining the highly desirable information. With the University boat-race there is no interested resistance to those who are engaged in the work of overreaching others, and sooner or later an accurate forecast can be made by men who have taken pains and have sufficient knowledge to form a judgment. The crews may dislike the pub-

licity which is thrust on them; but they have no possible reason for concealing anything, and no desire to mislead spectators by their performances; and no human being doubts that they will do their best to win on the day of the race. After the preliminary work has been gone through, their practice is watched by keen observers, who know that they can trust everything they see, and who have ample opportunities for drawing conclusions. The necessary consequence is that, after a period of uncertainty caused by the variations which occur in the efforts of men before they have been got into the best form they are capable of, opinion gradually consolidates itself about the respective merits of the crews, and is expressed much more clearly and decisively than opinion is usually expressed by the betting. Competent observers, having seen perfectly *bonâ fide* trials, are able to make very good prophecies, which are finally recorded by the figures of the current odds. Absolute accuracy is rarely obtainable in this world, and the odds may not always show exactly the proportionate merits of the two crews; but rarely do they fail to indicate which will win. The total absence of all those devices which are so often resorted to in sporting matters makes the betting and the opinions expressed by some of the critics in the papers tolerably safe guides to the result of the race.

This is no doubt gratifying, for it would be hideous to find this race made the subject of the vile manoeuvres which affect other kinds of sport; but at the same time it is hard to see how a contest can long continue to interest many when it is known, with something approaching to certainty, how that contest will end. There live, no doubt, the memories of some exceptional struggles, of which the dead-heat of 1878—albeit that it is generally supposed not to have been really a dead-heat—was the most remarkable; but the man must be sanguine indeed who, when the odds are decisive, goes down to Putney hoping to see an even battle. In a boat-race—at least in a race over the University course—there is not much left to chance. The best crew is not only likely to win, but to win well. Which is the best crew is shown by the opinions expressed in the papers, and with more certainty by the odds. What, then, does the pleasure-seeker or the lover of sport go to the riverside to see? He goes to see a contest of which the result has been kindly foretold for him by prophets who are not likely to be mistaken, and, unless he is an adept at self-deception, he must find it hard indeed to pump up excitement at the start when he has such very clear ideas of what the finish will be. Of course calculations may be upset, and the illness of any one man out of eight may change everything; but calculations seem every year to become more certain, and experience shows that illness is happily rare. Of course it may be said that, if there were a near approach to certainty, the odds would be much higher than they are; but custom has a good deal to do with these matters, and it is the interest of the betting man to keep the old low ratio. That ratio is perfectly understood. Who can say that he feels real doubt as to the issue of the struggle when he sees in the *Times* that the betting is four to one?

This year the forecast which the betting expressed proved perhaps more than usually accurate. After a while it became clear that skilled opinion was in favour of Oxford, and this opinion grew stronger and stronger as the day of the race drew near. On the 28th of last month, both crews obligingly rowed over the whole course, and, as they rowed under very similar conditions, their performances gave a fair measure of their comparative powers. With some races there might be great doubt whether devices had not been resorted to, but here there could be no possible suspicion. The Oxford boat was the quicker by twenty-one seconds—almost exactly the same interval as that between the two boats in the race—and after this proof of superiority there was practically very little doubt as to what would happen on the 1st, the betting barometer—if the expression may be allowed—being very steady, and latterly rising. The accuracy of the general judgment thus expressed, and its comparative certainty as against that of any individual prophet, however learned in boating matters, was proved in a remarkable way. One of the most experienced, if not the most experienced, of the critics who watch the crews before the race, published on the Friday evening an article called “A Last Word on the University Crews,” in which he analysed the style of rowing of the two sets of men, and made some predictions respecting the contest which showed that he differed from his brethren. The analysis was of that quaint kind which raises wonder in some people’s minds whether one man can possibly have eyes to see so much. Gravely and firmly, and in the tone of a preceptor who is pointing out faults which, if uncorrected, may mar the efforts of a lifetime, defective rowing was criticized. No. 3 in the Cambridge boat was at once encouraged and gently admonished. Of No. 6 it was said that “the hurried recovery of the swing in front of him has cramped his action and has prevented him from correcting faults as fully as he might have done”; of No. 5, that he rowed hard, but had a “slouching finish”; of No. 4, that he worked well; of No. 2, that he worked well, and was better than he had been in 1881, but not so good as he was in 1880; of bow, that he was “likely to come to grief in rough water, from his hopelessly deep feather under water, slow recovery of hands, bucketing swing, and slouching finish”; of stroke, that he worked well, but that “his bad recovery, sluggish at first and then rushing in the swing,” did much harm to the men behind him. The Oxford crew was criticized with similar minuteness. The writer pointed out that No. 3 screwed a good deal, but worked; that the “long swing back” of No. 5 could not be effected “behind the

present stroke”; that No. 6 was in similar difficulties, and, unhappily, compromised “the finish by jerking the end of the stroke and rowing it out light”; that No. 7 had difficulties to contend with similar to those involved in the proverbial effort to get a quart into a pint pot; that stroke was “lively, but at the expense of cutting short the finish of the stroke”; so that, altogether, neither crew escaped without much admonition. After giving it, the critic proceeded, as has been said, to speculate as to the result of the race. Oxford, he seemed to think, was too confidently believed in. There were reasons for thinking that the trial performances had not been quite rightly judged. Oxford had shown that they could “niggle” thirty-seven strokes to the minute and upwards all the way. Cambridge had shown themselves capable of “scrambling” 38 for a mile and a half, and 35 for four miles. If they could scramble 37 for four miles, while Oxford niggled the same, there might be hope for them. The writer then went on to say that, if both rowed as they did on the 28th, Oxford would “go away, lead by their own length at the shoot, and by nearly two clear lengths at the end; no runaway race, but a decisive one”; but that he should not be greatly surprised to see Cambridge “force a hotter stroke in the race than they have yet tried for a full course, and go all the faster for it, and manage to stick to it.”

Alas for the prophet who separates himself from the rest and opposes the verdict declared to men by the odds just before the race! Never were predictions more cruelly falsified. It may safely be said that before three hundred fathoms of water had been covered, no one competent to observe had the smallest doubt as to the result of the race, and that before a third of the course had been covered there could be no doubt as to its being a runaway race. The Cambridge crew did manage, it is true, to get a little ahead just after the start, but even then the roughness of their style as compared with that of their adversaries was manifest, and the latter came up to them and headed them with perfect ease. At Craven Cottage the bow of the Oxford boat was already ahead of the other. At the Crab Tree there were nearly two lengths between the two boats; at Hammersmith Bridge a good three. From Hammersmith Bridge there was the very dull spectacle of a hopelessly beaten crew dropping further and further astern; and it is worth notice that in the only bit of rough water which was encountered, the Cambridge men who, it had been said, would be favoured by rough water, did decidedly worse than their antagonists. At the finish the losing crew rowed nineteen strokes after the others had stopped, bringing to an inglorious conclusion what has been justly called by a writer in the *Standard* one of the most runaway races ever seen. The betting had not, perhaps, indicated the very great disparity between the two crews, but had most clearly indicated which boat would win; and even when the disparity is less, the betting will probably almost always be a guide to the result. Now that the practice is so carefully watched by skilful and interested men, there is but small likelihood of a wrong conclusion being arrived at and adhered to.

It is no doubt very much to be regretted that the University race should have been made the subject of anything like serious betting, and that the result of the betting should be to deprive the race of interest; but, unfortunately, the evil, like many others, cannot be done away with. Even the present Government would hardly bring in a Bill to prohibit wagers on this contest, or any criticism on the practice of crews. From one point of view it will not seem by any means lamentable if the interest in this struggle, already on the wane, steadily decreases. There has been a vast deal of artificial enthusiasm about this particular race, and for years vast crowds have assembled between Putney and Mortlake to witness a match which they did not understand, and to the result of which they were profoundly indifferent. It is always a good thing to see affectation perish, and the affectation of interest in the boat-race can hardly continue to exist when everybody knows two or three days beforehand how it will end. As the so-called public enthusiasm dies away, there will perhaps be less betting; and it seems not altogether impossible, therefore, that in time the ill may work its own cure, and that when the people in Belgravia who suffer so much from there being twenty-four hours in the day, and people in Whitechapel who desire to vindicate their right to be as silly as their betters, cease to bother themselves about the boat-race, the bookmakers, amateur or professional, may also abandon it, and that it may be again what it was of old—a contest little cared for by the world, but really interesting to members of the Universities and others who have devoted themselves to rowing.

THE REVENUE.

THE Revenue receipts for the financial year ended with the month of March are rather disappointing. They show, it is true, an increase of, in round numbers, 1,781,000*l.* over the receipts of the year before, and over the Budget Estimates they also show an increase of 722,000*l.* But the Budget Estimates were purposely framed very low, and, moreover, the increase as regards them is found in items which, with the exception of the Income-tax, in no way give an indication of the condition of the country. As regards the increase over the year 1880-81 it was expected. In that year, it will be remembered, Mr. Gladstone substituted the Beer-tax for the Malt-duty, and the large drawbacks which he had in consequence to allow so considerably reduced the revenue that in his Budget last April he anticipated a large

increase in the year just ended. The increases to which we have referred, therefore, have little significance, while it is to be noted that in the last quarter of the year—that is, the quarter ended with March—there was, as compared with the March quarter of 1881, a falling off of as much as 860,000*l.* in round numbers, seeming to show that as the year advanced the condition of the people deteriorated; in other words, that their spending power was less at the close than in the beginning. Moreover, it is to be noted that the falling off is found for the quarter in the Customs, Excise, Land-tax, and House-duty, all which seem to show a decreased consuming power on the part of the people. Even in Stamps, in which, owing to the modification of the Probate Duties, a considerable increase might have been looked for, it is not larger than 13,000*l.* Another unfavourable feature is that the Excise yielded 200,000*l.* less than the estimate. But the most discouraging symptom is the decrease in the three months beginning with January. It will be recollected that the corresponding quarter of last year was one of considerable depression. The weather was exceedingly bad; snowstorms, floods, and severe frost following one another, interrupted locomotion, put a stop for awhile to out-of-door occupation, and seriously inconvenienced trade. Yet, bad as was the first quarter of 1881, the corresponding quarter of 1882 is still worse as regards the revenue, and it is worse precisely in the items which indicate the condition of the people.

It is quite clear from these figures that the revival of trade has not yet much improved the condition of the great masses of the population. The revival has now lasted for over two years and a half, and it would be natural to expect a decided increase in the consuming power of the people; but we find none such, the old elasticity of the revenue not as yet reappearing. The fact must be attributed, we presume, to the agricultural depression. Before the repeal of the Corn-laws a series of bad agricultural seasons such as we have of late been passing through would have plunged the whole country into serious distress. Happily, bad harvests do not now produce such disastrous results. The country is no longer so entirely dependent upon its own soil for its food. We draw, in fact, more than half of our supplies from foreign nations; and consequently, in spite of a series of bad harvests, bread has remained cheap, and there has been no serious distress amongst the working classes. Indeed the agricultural depression has not been able to prevent a certain amount of improvement in trade. The improvement, however, has come from abroad. It was imparted, in the first instance, by the great demand on American account for iron and steel, and it has been continued by the rapid recovery in the raw-material producing countries throughout the world. The impetus thus given to certain of our great industries has been transmitted from trade to trade, and has maintained a certain amount of activity amongst the industrial, manufacturing, and commercial classes. But the revival has not advanced as people in general expected it to do; and, more especially, it has not much improved the condition of the working classes, as is proved by these revenue returns. Agriculture is still the greatest single industry in England, and while it is so much depressed real prosperity is not possible. From the newspapers we all know how large have been the abatements in rent which landlords throughout the country have been compelled to make year after year, and in private one hears of numerous cases where rents have almost entirely disappeared. Farmers, again, have suffered even more than the landlords. In many cases their whole capital is gone. In numerous cases, again, they have been obliged to throw up their farms and retire from business. And in others, though the losses have not been so severe, the tenants are crippled. These heavy losses, continued year after year, of such great classes as the owners and occupiers of land necessarily have a depressing effect upon the trade of the country. Neither landlords nor tenants are able to spend as they did in former times, and consequently, all the trades dependent upon them are depressed. All who minister to the pleasures, comforts, and luxuries of the rich make less profits, because the land-owning classes are unable to spend as of old; and, in the same way, all with whom the farmers deal make smaller profits. Until we have a succession of good harvests it is not to be expected that the old elasticity of the revenue will return.

It may be objected that the agricultural depression does not account for the falling off of the revenue in the last three months, and yet it is in those three months that the greatest falling off has occurred. But it is to be borne in mind that the landed classes have necessarily to spend more both in the spring-time, when the land has to be tilled and stocked, and in the autumn, when the crops have to be got in and prepared for market, and cattle to be sold, than in the early months of the year, which, agriculturally, are slack months. Yet it must be admitted at the same time that there is something inexplicable in the depression which has occurred three years in succession in the months of January, February, and March. In 1880 the depression was attributed to the dissolution of Parliament and the general election; in 1881 it was attributed to the bad weather; and this year it has been attributed to the Paris panic. These causes, no doubt, have largely contributed to the result; more particularly the Paris panic must have had a great influence. For some time before that panic occurred it was evident to all careful observers that a collapse on the Paris Bourse was inevitable, and nobody knew what the consequences might be. There was accordingly a general preparation against the worst; a calling-in of their funds by all who feared that large demands might come upon them, and a contraction of business by every-

body who could rapidly contract his liabilities. Again, when the panic actually occurred, the value of money rose all over Europe. Here in England, for instance, the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to 6 per cent., and such a rate necessarily told heavily upon trade, and compelled all who were working with borrowed capital to restrict their operations as much as possible. The panic, too, had a certain echo in Spain, Germany, and Austria, and therefore had a depressing effect upon the trade of all those countries, and through them upon our own trade. Moreover, the effect of the panic was heightened by the war scare which was created by the speeches of General Skobelev. And the fall of M. Gambetta and the uncertainties to which it gave rise also had their effect. Lastly the outbreak of the insurrection in Dalmatia and Herzegovina awakened fears that the Eastern question was about to be opened once more. All these causes contributed naturally to depress trade; but we are not satisfied that they fully account for the whole phenomenon. The very fact that three years in succession the three months of January, February, and March have been months of depression suggests that there is some cause in operation more general than the particular causes specified.

The disappointing character of the Revenue receipts, and more particularly the disappointment under the head of Customs, Excise, and Stamps, must forbid sanguine estimates for the year upon which we have now entered. It is clear that in the Budget which Mr. Gladstone will lay before Parliament after Easter he will not be able to hold out hopes of a considerable growth in the revenue. But it seems to us that it would be rash to infer, therefore, as many critics have been inferring, that Mr. Gladstone will be unable to produce a startling Budget. If he decides upon leaving taxation untouched, it is quite clear, of course, that his Budget must be a very humdrum one. But it is not at all so certain as is generally assumed that he will decide to leave taxation untouched. When he returned to office two years ago he surprised everybody by proposing to repeal the Malt-duties, and to substitute for them a Beer-tax, thereby conferring upon the farmers the boon for which they had been clamouring for more than a generation, and at the same time securing for the Exchequer a larger income. It is possible that he may have an equally great surprise in store for us this year. When Sir Stafford Northcote proposed to deal with the "death duties," as Mr. Gladstone has called them, Mr. Gladstone condemned the proposal in the strongest language as not only not going far enough, but as leaving the inequalities of these duties unredressed. Again, in his Budget speech last year, he referred to those duties only to regret that he had not time to deal with them in an efficient manner, and to express a hope that their anomalies and inequalities would not be allowed much longer to continue. It is quite possible that this year he may make up his mind to deal with them in a thoroughgoing manner. There is, of course, the objection that, with the Rules of Procedure not yet carried, he will not have time to obtain the consent of Parliament to such proposals. But, on the other hand, it is clear that, unless he produces a startling Budget, the Parliamentary year will be completely wasted, and the Government will have nothing to show to its own credit. Besides, last year the Irish Land Bill was a sufficient excuse for postponing the reform of taxation which the Prime Minister himself declared to be urgently needed. This year there is no such justification to plead, and, if the time can be obtained it is certainly not improbable that Mr. Gladstone may attempt boldly and exhaustively to deal with the whole question of the "death duties." There is another reason, too, why we should expect him to propose some considerable alteration in the system of taxation. He has pledged himself to deal with local taxation, and a reform of local taxation almost necessarily carries with it considerable changes in the Imperial taxation. Upon the whole, then, we are not inclined to agree with those who say that Mr. Gladstone has no option but to confess that it is beyond his power to limit the growth of expenditure or to restore the elasticity of the revenue, and that he will have therefore to content himself with a humdrum Budget. But at the same time, unless he is prepared to make considerable changes in the system of taxation, it is quite evident that he must content himself with a humdrum Budget, for the consuming power of the population is such as to give no promise of a considerable augmentation of the productiveness of the existing taxes.

REVIEWS.

GARDINER'S FALL OF THE MONARCHY OF CHARLES I.

(First Notice.)

IT is both natural and becoming that an historian a great part of whose life's work has dealt with an action full of episodes and complications, and closing with a pitiable catastrophe, should approach the height of his narrative in a spirit of almost solemn seriousness. At the present day it is difficult to conceive of any man attempting to rewrite the history of the causes and the outbreak of our great Civil War in any interest except that of historical truth; but, in any case, that man will certainly not be found in Mr. Gardiner. He has, it seems, Puritan blood in his

* *The Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I.—1637-1649.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Vols. I. and II.—1637-1642. London: Longmans & Co. 1882.

veins; while his own views are unmistakably of that loyal and temperate sort—that “reasonableness,” to use his own term—which befits an academical and literary representative of the national Church. But the volumes which have already secured to him an enduring place among English historians could have left no doubt as to the way in which he would address himself to the completion of a task judiciously planned and carefully carried through its earlier and often (as he confesses) less attractive stage. His work is still unfinished; but he justly observes that with his judgment of the first fourteen months of the Long Parliament his judgment of the civil conflict which brought King Charles I. to the scaffold must stand or fall. It is not, to our mind, an altogether satisfactory judgment; but it is one formed after a review of the evidence such as very few previous historians could even think of attempting; while it is expressed with a simple dignity which those who write with a view to the political currents or literary tastes of the passing hour seem rarely able to afford. As a matter of course, Mr. Gardiner avoids ornament for its own sake; thus, while throwing out a hint to writers of a different school, with one of whom he was the other day, unprofitably enough, contrasted, he excuses himself from filling in the picturesque background to the scene of the signing of the Covenant at the Grey Friars. But what makes him pre-eminently trustworthy as an authority is that he abstains from treating events and the actors in them from any particular point of view; that, at the risk of giving his narrative an occasionally disjointed appearance, he enables the reader to see different courses of events (Scottish, for instance, and English) in progress side by side, now converging, and now intersecting; and that in the deed he never forgets the nature of the deed, be he King Charles or King Pym. Mr. Gardiner's method is, in short, one that begets confidence; and no critic of his own or of any coming generation is likely to say of this work, as Southey was prejudiced and peevish enough to write of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, that it is “a book composed in the worst temper, and upon the worst principles.” We only regret that, while generously acknowledging the merits of contemporary inquirers in the same field, Mr. Gardiner should, towards the close of his second volume, have commented on what he elsewhere calls “the ordinary talk of constitutional historians” after a fashion not unlikely to be misunderstood. The last word on the Revolution of 1641-2 had certainly not been spoken when, on the one hand, the innovating action of the majority in the Long Parliament, and, on the other, the reasons for suspecting the King's sincerity, had been soberly pointed out. But the arguments were worth considering side by side, as Hallam considered them; and to dismiss them loftily, in view of what we gladly allow to be the nobler argument, is to ignore the force which it seems difficult to deny that they possess. With the late Mr. Forster, whose high services to students of this period of history Mr. Gardiner warmly acknowledges, his quarrel is rather on the score of inaccuracy in detail—an inaccuracy very unlike Clarendon's (Hallam's and Forster's indictments of whom are here further substantiated), but at times suggesting an exuberance of constructive skill. By the way, in his account of the attempt on the Five Members, Mr. Gardiner takes occasion to correct an amusing misreading of D'Ewes by Forster, who makes his authority send the communicative Frenchman, full of the news of the King's approach, through the *roof*, instead of through the *troop*. As Mr. Gardiner suggests, things might have taken a different turn for the Five Members and the state of England, had the self-constituted messenger failed to outstrip the King and his strange company of armed men. To Ranke Mr. Gardiner in these volumes only refers in passing, which is the more to be regretted since an agreement between these two eminent historians in conclusions at which they have arrived by independent research would give special value to incidental criticism of the one by the other. Once Mr. Gardiner goes out of his way to cavil at Ranke for missing the point of a very curious Scottish suggestion, by translating the French “Conseil des Affaires Etrangères” (Committee of Foreign Affairs) by “the Privy Council.” We have not the Oxford co-operative version of Ranke at hand; but in the original, where the French words are given in a note, the text adequately translates them “der Rath Karls I. für die auswärtigen Angelegenheiten,” and repeats the phrase in the course of the same paragraph.

The stronger interest of Mr. Gardiner's narrative undoubtedly does not begin till a comparatively late point in the first of these volumes, with the appearance on the scene of Wentworth, as he arrived in London on September 22nd, to become for the first time the intimate adviser of Charles. But nowhere is there any failure of insight on the part of the author into the really significant elements of his story. He adequately acknowledges the force that the national movement in Scotland derived from the emancipation of her Church from the control of the Crown. With rarer generosity he indignantly rebukes the unfairness of Strafford, when in 1640 he sought to make Ireland submit to heavy sacrifices for the expected struggle with Scotland, so that, “victorious or vanquished, she would but bring down upon herself the hatred of her more powerful neighbour.” Indeed, it is little short of humiliating to observe the way in which English statesmen, Pym among them, who “saw nothing in Ireland but the English colony alone,” and “had no sympathy with the Celtic population,” treated the responsibilities of the dominant towards the dependent island. Not less broad and liberal is the spirit in

which Mr. Gardiner differs from those critics who hold that Milton wasted his powers in writing political pamphlets of the influence of which the traces will be vainly sought in statutes or ordinances. The question as to the value of Milton's polemical prose writings has been much discussed of late; but Mr. Gardiner, in vindicating for them their true place in political literature, at the same time justifies the author who bade the music of his lute pause for their sake:—

Milton's theories on government were no better suited to the actual England of the day than the Lady of the “Comus” would have been at home at the Court of Henrietta Maria, or the Archangel Raphael in the Long Parliament. Yet not for this are they to be condemned. Their permanent value lies in the persistence with which they point to the eternal truth, that all artificial constitutional arrangements, all remodelling of authority in Church or State, all reform in law and administration, will be worthless in the absence of the higher purpose and the resolute will of the individual men who are to make use of political or ecclesiastical institutions. “Love Virtue, she alone is free.” Let the mind be cultivated to understand which are the paths of virtue. Let the spirit be attuned to the harmonies of heaven. The work to be done for the soul and intelligence of the individual Englishman was far greater than anything that Parliaments and Presbyteries could accomplish for the external regulation of the community.

An historian who is almost as far removed from formalism as from a root-and-branch rationalism will generally be found to possess a keen eye for the possible, and sometimes even for the impossible, *via media*. In Scottish affairs, indeed, at the time when, after the breakdown of his shortsighted negotiations, King Charles first consulted his English Council about his Northern troubles, the historian feels constrained to confess that no middle course may have been admissible between Wentworth's notion of all in all, and absolute relinquishment of power. “After all that had passed”—and, on the whole, the King's Scottish experience since the introduction of the new edition of the English Prayer-Book which has secured an apocryphal immortality to Jeanie Geddes had been as unlucky as his conduct had been unwise—“it was hopeless to expect that Charles's authority would ever again strike root in the Scottish nation.” But in the English troubles which ensued, it is only with reluctance that Mr. Gardiner brings himself to allow that such a policy as that advocated by Bristol was really futile or of mere transitory value. The Great Council summoned by the King to York in September 1640 was little better than a stopgap; and Hallam surely errs when he speaks of it as having been convened “as the only alternative of a Parliament,” for the King at once announced to the Peers his intention of assembling a Parliament in November. Nor indeed would it be easy to show that the advice of the Great Council, where Bristol played a leading part, really determined the course of action pursued with regard to the Scottish demands. At the time of Strafford's supreme danger, before that danger had become, humanly speaking, hopeless, Bristol was, with a better prospect of success, striving to save Strafford's life “whilst incapacitating him from office”; and on this occasion it is in truth impossible to say what might have happened had the King stood firm in the face of the well-dressed City mobs. The ecclesiastical policy recommended by Bristol, if we may accept Mr. Gardiner's view that it is represented by the amended form in which he carried the Declaration of the Commons against toleration, passed by them shortly after the Grand Remonstrance, was again thoroughly “reasonable,” and perfectly conciliatory. But it offered no solution; at the most it only sought to smooth the way for one.

On the other hand, what is to be said of the policy of the real leaders of men, those who really strove to master the situation, in the dark time before the breaking of the tempest? Among these it is clear that Laud is not to be reckoned. Concerning his ecclesiastical ideals and the measures by which he strove to realize them opinions may long continue to be divided; but he undoubtedly lacked the primary requisite in practical statesmanship, the art of dealing with circumstances and with men as they are. The over-sanguine element in Laud's disposition has been before now insisted upon, though in truth it was closely connected with the qualities which really ennobled his nature and dignified his conduct. On the other hand, it was worth pointing out, as Mr. Gardiner has done, that Laud was at times too easily frightened, and trusted too little to that great middle party of moderate men who have, after all, in our country usually determined the immediate issue of problems in Church as well as in State. The type here selected to exemplify this class of men may at the same time seem rather oddly chosen; for the most obvious characteristic of Wither we have been accustomed to find is his conscientious desire to exercise that right of personal judgment which he so nobly defended in his verse. But it is certain that Laud's misfortune in England was his inability either to conciliate moderate men, or to charm into politic co-operation with himself interests such as that ardently advocated by the Queen, with which he was too honest to play fast and loose. In Scottish affairs, his misfortune was to have been blind at the outset; for we see no reason to believe that, after the initial mistake had been committed, he showed any disposition to play in Scotland the part of a “Pope of Canterbury”; nor are we sure but that, at all events with regard to the time before he made the vaunt, Charles was in some sense justified in asserting that “he had never taken the advice of any Englishman in the affairs of Scotland.” It is difficult, in recalling the devoted labours of a life animated by a rare and noble ambition—for Laud's Patriarchate was as grand a conception for the seventeenth century as Adalbert of Bremen's for the eleventh—to restrain a feeling of sympathetic admiration. Yet, with the history

of the Reformation spread out before us, we hesitate to subscribe to the left-handed tribute of praise that Laud was "engaged in the formation of an instrument which would outlive himself," when he was training a clergy "sure to inculcate the duty of obeying the King at least as loudly as they inculcated the duty of obeying God." For, in point of fact, Laud did not form this instrument. It was a product of the Reformation itself, in England as elsewhere.

Like Laud's, Strafford's influence over the King had no sooner begun to be personally exerted than it was hampered by the more or less perverse influence of the Queen, on which Mr. Gardiner has at least sufficiently insisted in these volumes. Indeed there is something likely to stir scepticism in the ubiquitous influence for evil—now positive now negative—here attributed to Henrietta Maria. Above all, it seems to us that far more satisfactory evidence than the hearsay reports accumulated in Mr. Gardiner's note (vol. i. 382) seems requisite before the attempt on the Five Members can be safely described as an endeavour "to impeach the impeachers of the Queen." According to Mr. Gardiner, anxiety for his Queen determined Charles to accuse the Five Members, as it had induced him to sacrifice Strafford. "To save her from insult and ruin, he had sacrificed his most faithful Minister." Yet a reference to the previous passage, descriptive of the panic which seized upon London after the Attainder Bill had passed the Lords, will show how purely conjectural is the influence attributed to Charles's fears for the safety of his wife upon his decision concerning the fate of his Minister.

Apart from the method of the procedure adopted against him, so wisely (as it appears to us) objected to in the first instance by Hampden and Pym, never was a popular instinct more fully justified than that which regarded Strafford, in the phraseology of the modern historian, "as the author and supporter of all violent and ill-considered actions" in the critical period of Charles I.'s reign. On his foreign policy, if policy it can be called, as illustrated in these volumes, we hope to touch on another occasion; much of it was mere floundering. But the most striking examples of the recklessness which effaces much of the difference between his statesmanship and Buckingham's are to be found nearer home. The history of Strafford's Irish policy of course lies outside the range of these volumes; and Mr. Gardiner has dealt with it clearly enough on former occasions. The man who excited Irish feeling against himself by nothing so strongly as by the scheme for the colonization of Connaught, in October 1840, infuriated by the cool self-possession of the Scottish Commissioners at Ripon, proposed to seethe Scottish colonists of Ulster in their own blood. Better known than this passing thought is the much disputed suggestion attributed to Strafford concerning the employment of the Irish army for settling the troubles in England. Mr. Gardiner's argument, in the passages touching this matter in his first and second volumes respectively, seems to us perfectly satisfactory. The most probable explanation of the conflict between the testimony of Vane on the one hand, and that of Hamilton, Northumberland, Juxon, and Cottingham on the other, certainly appears to be that "the words were indeed spoken, but only as a suggestion of the best means of meeting a hypothetical rebellion which never came into actual existence, and which passed out of the minds both of him who spoke and of those who listened almost as soon as the words were uttered." Most assuredly Strafford's doom was cruel; and while he actually suffered by means of a machinery which the Long Parliament had borrowed from the most despotic traditions of the past, his condemnation upon impeachment as a traitor would have amounted to straining the definition of the term hardly less violently in his case than was afterwards done in that of his master. But the instinct of his foes in destroying him was not the less true; and though his words about the employment of the Irish army were probably only the ebullition of the moment, they showed—and in a less degree they would have shown, even had they applied to Scotland only—the spirit that was in him.

In Mr. Gardiner's opinion, who from the serene height of an historical knowledge to which many things appear small looks down upon the conflicts of mere political principles, Strafford's activity seems to contrast not unfavourably with that of the Parliamentary politicians who crushed him. Again and again we are in these volumes reminded of the fact, which it would be difficult to gainsay, that Pym and those who acted with him cannot be looked upon in the light of constructive reformers. But it is a daring step in advance of this to argue, as Mr. Gardiner does, that they were no reformers at all, "no followers of new ideas by which the lives of men might be made brighter and happier than of old," but mere opponents of innovation, who "did not wish to be harassed by constant changes, of which they did not understand the import, and of which they mistrusted the tendency." It is true enough that Pym "had not the eagle eye of the idealist," and that in the last part of his career, beginning perhaps with his determination to support the Root and Branch Bill, he no longer in all respects controlled the current which he helped to let loose. But in charging him with having in the earlier days of the Long Parliament assumed a merely negative attitude, Mr. Gardiner appears to us to overlook the shortness of the time during which Pym can really be said to have led the Parliament, and also the magnitude of the work which he actually performed in it. What practical reforms could be accomplished in the State or in the Church—as the Church was conceived of by the advocates of change—unless the "evil counsellors," of whom the Grand Remonstrance did not without reason complain, were removed, and an end for

ever made of the whole system of their evil counselling? This was Pym's work, accomplished in the teeth of unscrupulous violence, and in despite of reckless intrigue. Apart from the one question of a reorganization instead of a destruction of the episcopacy, what opportunity had Pym of raising his voice "for practical reforms"? Even in ecclesiastical matters his last achievement before his death was, at least in intention, a constructive one; but he did not live to guide the union with Scotland to success, or to witness its failure.

The greatness of what Pym and the Long Parliament in its beginnings achieved for the future of England becomes more apparent than ever from the narrative of an historian who, like Mr. Gardiner, shuns all exaggeration, and shrinks from a reiteration of the commonplaces of our "constitutional historians" and their followers. The notion that in Charles I.'s eleven years of non-parliamentary government the tide of national discontent had swelled to a mighty wave behind the dams which it was before long to burst, will not bear examination:—

In the midst of material prosperity there was no sharp sting of distress to goad the masses to defiance of authority. Men of property and education, had, in the intermission of Parliaments, no common centre round which they could rally. Those who were united in political opposition to the Crown were divided by their religious sympathies. The feeling of irritation against Laud's meddlesome interference with habitual usage was indeed universal; but Puritanism was, after all, the creed only of a minority.

Yet during these years, while two of the companions of Eliot's imprisonment, Valentine and Strode, continued to be deprived of freedom, the Parliamentary spirit survived in the heroes of the next struggle, as in these victims of the last. The impulse to resistance was given from without, and not from within; but nowhere has it been so well shown as in this History how the vigilance of the Parliamentary party in England—which existed before Parliament had been once more assembled—was aware of every movement in the progress of the Scottish troubles. When the time came at last, no false step was taken in the accomplishment of the first and necessary work which awaited the representatives of the nation. On the Church question, as Mr. Gardiner reminds us, the Long Parliament and Pym, for a time at least, broke down, because he and his followers, with whom the decision lay, were "rather desirous of overthrowing an ecclesiastical despotism which they knew not how to remodel than inspired with any strong preference for any other system to be established in its room." But they had accomplished enough to entitle them to the enduring gratitude of Englishmen; and had, in reality, notwithstanding the long years of revolution which intervened, established the English monarchy on the broad and firm basis on which it remains to the present day.

We have ventured in these remarks to hint at something which seems to us to partake of a depreciatory tendency in the tone, as well as in the conclusions, of passages in these volumes. On another occasion we hope more especially to dwell upon some of the points in the period of history treated in them which the learning and acumen of their author have illustrated with fresh force and fulness.

PRIMITIVE BELIEFS AMONG THE INDO-EUROPEAN RACES.*

MR. KEARY'S elaborate book on the early beliefs of the Indo-European races demands a more complete and searching review than it is easy to give within the limits of our space. We can only hope to indicate Mr. Keary's method and attitude of mind, and to suggest certain qualifications and objections which have probably occurred to him, but to which, we venture to think, he has not assigned sufficient weight. Our first quarrel with Mr. Keary is caused by his frequent use of the word "primitive." "Primitive man," "primitive belief" meet us everywhere. Mr. Herbert Spencer uses these and similar terms more freely even than Mr. Max Müller and other opponents of Mr. Spencer's. Now we have always maintained that of "primitive man"—whether he was a rudimentary savage or a being in a state of uncorrupted perfection—we have literally no knowledge at all. Philology is a vague guide to the history of religious practice. The rudest races we know have complex institutions which require for their development either uncounted ages of slow evolution, or, as others hold, supernatural interference and direction. We cannot obtain scientific evidence of either process. By "primitive belief of the Indo-European races" we understand Mr. Keary to mean the earliest religious worship and ideas, not of man pure and simple, but of man already deserving the name (which has come to connote a considerable advance in civilization) of Indo-European. Mr. Keary says:—"We are not compelled to trace the myths to their remotest origin to understand the nature of the two legends," but he holds it almost indubitable that most Indo-European myths "existed in some crude form among human beings at a date earlier than the era in which we first distinguish the Aryan races." This is where we feel inclined to find fault with Mr. Keary. By philological and metaphysical analysis he tries to trace Indo-European beliefs to a state of pure "fetishism," a state of which we have no historical evidence. Pure "fetishism" is, he thinks, the background of Indo-European belief. But the belief to which

* *Outlines of Primitive Beliefs among the Indo-European Races.* By C. F. Keary, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1932.

his volume is chiefly devoted to pure Nature-worship among Indo-Aryans, Greeks, Scandinavians, and other Aryans. Thus he appears to us to treat his theme in an inconsistent manner. First he gives metaphysical and philological reasons for holding that belief arose in a state of pure "fetishism"—a state in which we find no race actually existing—then he passes straight to the purest aspects of Nature-worship. Yet in his examination of Nature-worship he resolutely averts his eyes from the vast irrational element in the legends of Zeus and Indra and the other gods. He seems to omit intermediate stages.

Perhaps our objection is not stated with sufficient clearness. We mean that, if the ancestors of Indo-European men were once so backward as to be mere fetishists pure and simple, fetishism must have left, as Mr. Keary frequently says it did, many traces in their later beliefs. But, if the ancestors of the race were once so backward, still more must they have passed through the stage of savage, unfetichistic mythology and religion, of beliefs absurd to the last degree, but more advanced than bare fetishism. The characteristics of that stage of thought, among modern undeveloped races too numerous to mention, are the appearance of animals as gods, the close connexion between gods and animals, and the constant ascription to anthropomorphic gods of all the magical gifts of the common medicine-man or sorcerer. Now, if Mr. Keary is going to start from a background of fetishism, and if he is determined not to blink the survivals of fetishism (the adoration of inanimate things) in Greek and Indian belief, why does he blink the survival of the animal god, and the survival of the sorcerer or medicine-man in Indo-European gods in general? It can scarcely be denied that these characteristics, the close connexion of anthropomorphic gods with animals supernaturally endowed, and the possession by anthropomorphic gods of the accomplishments of sorcerers, is an earlier feature in religion than a pure and imposing worship of the phenomena and forces of Nature in themselves or in anthropomorphic form. An examination of the beliefs of savage races proves that, the more backward the race, the less are the gods and heroes developed out of animals. An examination of the beliefs of civilized heathendom proves that in the recesses of the temples of anthropomorphic gods, and in all the odd corners of their legends, lurk images of sacred animals and narratives about the gods' exploits in a theriomorphic shape. The apparent conclusion—at all events the probable inference—is that the theriomorphic aspects of the gods of India and Greece, and the magical exploits of the gods of India and Greece, are relics of a stage of belief in which the ancestors of the European races were on a level with contemporary savages. Mr. Keary has asserted the presence of savage survivals in the fetish-stones of Greek temples—why has he left so much out of view the other survivals of theriomorphic and magical gods? That he has done so is the chief fault we have to find with a book which is both learnedly, pleasantly, and impartially written and conceived. We might also complain that, while too much is made of "animism" by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and of the worship of ancestors, too little is made of it by Mr. Keary. As far as his book deals with the purer and more attractive aspects of Nature-worship, it is admirable. But into the legends of the Nature-gods are inextricably woven survivals of the ruder forms of old legend and belief, and these, we think, are really quite as "primitive" as the elements of Nature-worship to which Mr. Keary devotes his space. It follows, if our contention is right, that we cannot really study the beliefs of any single race apart. The mythology and the religion of the Indo-Europeans are full of traits which are incomprehensible when isolated, but which prove to be universal in the belief of some backward tribes, and to be perfectly explicable and even unavoidable results of the intellectual state in which these backward tribes still remain. But, if we avert our eyes from those elements in Indo-European belief, we shall doubtless find, like Mr. Keary, that the nobler and loftier aspects of Indo-European faith are the natural expression of a higher intellectual condition.

We must now endeavour to justify our objections by some examples chosen from Mr. Keary's work. Let us take Agni. Mr. Keary begins his study of this god with a text from a Vedic hymn (needless to say that the Vedas are far from "primitive"), in which the poet tells how Agni, the fire, devours his parents, the fire-sticks. This conduct in a god puzzles the poet, whose morality has long passed out of the cannibal stage in which it is "good form" for children to eat their fathers and mothers. Here fire in itself is regarded as a god, just as the Egyptians regarded fire as "a living beast." Agni is also recognized as heaven-born, and he is the domestic priest, and the intercessor, so to speak, between gods and man. So far all is pure Nature-worship, and has the peculiar cachet of the Indo-Aryan genius. "Through all the regions of morning and evening brightness the worshipper saw Agni shining, and so he called him the son of Aditi, the boundless one." All this is very nice, and very creditable to the taste of the worshippers of Agni. But, to begin with the recognition of Agni as the son of Aditi the boundless one—that is, as an Aditya—is Mr. Keary aware that there is another and painfully plausible explanation of the word Aditya, son of Aditi? The elevation of Aditi to the rank of a distinct personage may possibly be "a reflex from the derivative Aditya, which was capable of being interpreted as a patronymic." Mr. Keary mentions the idea, held by several scholars, that Kronos, the father of Zeus, is a personage invented to account for the word Kronion. Kronion meant only "he of Time, the ancient of days." But Kronion sounded like a patronymic,

meaning "son of Kronos," and the myth of Kronos (one of the most savage in Greek mythology) was invented, or adapted, to the use of a Kronos who never existed, but was invented to account for the apparent patronymic Kronion. In the same way exactly, Aditya, meaning something like "indestructible," *adivāras*, was perhaps taken for a patronymic, and Aditi was invented as a person just as Kronos was. If Mr. Keary is to get rid of Kronos, he should at least tell us that Aditi may disappear down the same philological oubliette. Again, this Aditi may be, as Mr. Keary says, "the limitless vista of clouds"; but one Indian tradition regards her as a female, "who, being desirous of sons, cooked a brahmandana oblation for the gods, the Sadhyas." When we follow this legend we find it (and it is unpleasant enough) almost exactly like the Maori legend of the abortive birth of Maui. It also leads us to the myth of the origin of the elephant. Now we think Mr. Keary should view Aditi and her family all round, and to us these queer stories seem suspiciously like what we find among the backward races. They look like "survivals," and, if survivals, are not so very remote from being "primitive." Then look at the origin of Agni, at the myth of fire-stealing. We find the myth of fire-stealing among Australians, Iroquois, Thlinkets, Maoris, and in countless other places. In the more backward races this or that animal is the Purphoros. Among the more advanced races, a man does the trick, or rather a member of the superhuman race of Titans, who came to air the world and get it into shape. Mr. Keary refers but slightly to this part of the Agni myth. He does not, as far as we have observed, even name Matarisvan, the fire-bringer. Nor (unless the passage has escaped us) does he tell how Indra generated fire between two stones. Roth says of Matarisvan:—"He is the being who, as another Prometheus, fetches down from heaven, from the gods, the fire which had vanished from earth, and gives it to the Bhrihus. . . . As Prometheus belongs to the superhuman class of Titans, and is only by that means enabled to fetch down the spark from heaven, so must Matarisvan be reckoned as belonging to those races of demigods who, in the Vedic legends, are sometimes represented as living in the society of the gods, and sometimes as dwelling on earth." Now a wide study of the beliefs of other races would prove that Matarisvan and his gift of fire are only parts of a universal legend of great interest and importance. Again, the Vedic myth of the disappearance of Agni (R. V., x. 51, 6), especially as stated in the Taittiriya Sanhita, is a very queer old survival, and corresponds pleasantly with the Mexican myth of Xolotl. But Mr. Keary does not seem to have thought the other Vedas and the Brahmanas worth much notice, though they are full of myths and ideas indubitably old, and often, to our thinking, very much more primitive (especially as Mr. Keary holds mythological to be earlier than religious belief) than most of the contents of the purer and more cultivated Rig Veda. Another myth of Agni, thoroughly Aztec in character, is found in the Satapatha Brahmana. Here Agni appears at once as fire and as a person, in accordance with that universal characteristic of early thought (the source of most that is odd in mythology), the drawing of no distinction between persons and things. The connexion of Agni with the goat is vaguely indicated in various myths, but is not clear enough to be insisted on in this place. We might—and, did space permit, would gladly—pursue this method of treatment. The myths of Indra, his metamorphoses as a quail, his birth as a bull, his exploits as a ram, his amours; the legend, so like the story of Kronos and Demeter, of the birth of the Asvins; the story of the talking ants who helped the gods in a sore strait—these are only a few specimens of Indian ideas which we take to be very early and inextricably mixed up with the purer forms of Nature-worship. Odin's myth would furnish us with countless examples of the survival of the medicine-man in the god. Mr. Keary explains these features in Odin's character thus:—"In most creeds it is too much the fault of the heaven god that he lives remote from human affairs; this fault does not lie at the door of Odhinn, who is the wind as well as the sky." Snorro, we think, understood Odin's real character better. Again, if Mr. Keary's Urvasi is only the dawn, or a cloud (p. 340), he must admit that she was, as her conversation with Pururvas in the Rig Veda shows, an excessively knowing and anthropomorphic cloud.

We think Mr. Keary averts his eyes from one-half of early faith at least, and this is the chief defect of an industrious and well-meant investigation. We wish, before parting with him, to try one little metaphysical rally with him. Mr. Keary writes (p. 39), "The idea of personality (and by personality I mean all which constitutes the inner being, the *I*), the idea of personality apart from matter must have been growing more distinct when men could attribute personality to such an abstract phenomenon as the sky." We think this is the very reverse of the truth. The more backward a race is, the more readily does it attribute personality to all phenomena—sky, dawn, wind, earth, and so forth. And the reason of this is that, the more backward the thought, the less distinct is the idea of personality and the more vague and extensive. We have now thought out the idea of personality till it is so definite and clearly marked that we can only apply it (except by metaphor) to conscious rational beings. In the savage the idea of personality is more a sensation than an idea, is so little distinct that it is instinctively regarded as the common property of all phenomena. In fact, to the undeveloped human mind, personality is an idea so indistinct as to be almost co-extensive with existence. And this metaphysical condition out of which we have emerged makes beasts and birds and

insects, wind and sea, and sun and dawn human personalities endowed with speech and thought in old mythologies. Mr. Keary's book, which may be heartily recommended to all who want an amiable picture of the finer aspects of old religion, has deepened our conviction that belief must be studied as a whole in all attainable history of religion and of worship. Belief must be studied, too, in close connexion with all instances of early thought, practice, and society within the reach of the inquirer. A narrower survey will always tempt us to explain things without a full knowledge of the intellectual stage in which they naturally and inevitably arise.

CALENDAR OF HOME OFFICE PAPERS.—REIGN OF GEORGE III.*

EXCEPT so far as they refer to Ireland, the papers illustrating public transactions in this volume of the *Calendar of Home Office Papers* are not of as great general interest as many of the series. The three years 1770-1772 were a period of pause in our foreign relations between the Seven Years' War and the beginning of the great struggle in America. With the Plantations themselves we had for the moment settled into relations of uneasy quiet. The want of interest is, however, only relative. There is always sure to be plenty which is worth study in a collection of documents illustrating all the activity of a great Government during three years, and this volume is full of papers which throw light on the condition of England in the years of which it treats. Mr. Roberts supplies in his preface an excellent guide to the contents of the volume. In the forty-four pages allowed him he has contrived to point out almost every document of any value, briefly indicating its nature and relative worth, without wasting time and space in comment.

As we have already said, our transactions with foreign Powers were comparatively unimportant in these years. They were confined to watching the proceedings of a Russian fleet in the Levant, and to a now utterly forgotten quarrel with Spain over the Falkland Islands. The Russian fleet was, it is needless to say, engaged in one of the phases of the eternal Eastern question; but if the doings of 1770 had a curious likeness to much of later date in that part of Europe, there is also a remarkable difference. Our difficulty then was to make the Turks understand that the presence of English officers in command of Russian war-ships did not necessarily mean an alliance of England with Russia. The obtuseness of the Turks on this point led to very serious peril to our Ambassador at Constantinople, and something more than peril to foreigners resident in Turkey. The dispute with the Sublime Porte is connected with transactions of a sufficiently disgraceful nature with the Barbary States. The letters of Commodore Proby, the officer in command of the Mediterranean station, and of the captains under him, give repeated instances of the way in which we tolerated those pirates, and practically made ourselves responsible for them by the toleration.

Of the real merits of the dispute with Spain about the Falkland Islands little can be learnt from the despatches in this volume. The seizure of the Islands by Bucarelli, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, was one incident of the old struggle between England and Spain for the trade of South America. Although Bucarelli was disavowed by the Spanish Government, there can be no doubt that he was acting with at least the approval of Charles III. The very clear *precis* of the correspondence between Mr. Harris, the English *chargé d'affaires* at Madrid, and Lord Weymouth from 23rd August to the 21st December, 1770, given in this volume illustrates the policy of that greatly overrated King towards England. It has all the features of spiteful intention and feeble execution which distinguished him. There have been Ministries in England which would have given respectful attention to the quibbling of M. Grimaldi, the Spanish Minister, and have considered the ingenious hairsplitting of the Madrid Government about the difference between disavowing the particular action of Bucarelli and giving up the general Spanish sovereignty as affording grounds for a compromise which would have concealed a surrender on the part of England. Ministers who succeeded to the traditions of the elder Pitt were not likely to play fast and loose with the territory of the Empire, and Spain was put under the alternative of fighting or yielding. Other disputes with Spain had reference to the vexed question of smuggling, and here the Spanish Government was more generally in the right. It appears from a despatch of Lord Weymouth to Commodore Proby of the 18th of August, 1770, that the naval officers of our Mediterranean station of those days had no scruple about "constantly blockading that port (viz. Cadiz) for purposes of contraband." Quarrels about smuggling are not unknown in Gibraltar to this day, but the officers of H.M.'s ships and vessels of war have ceased to be offenders. The letters of Rodney, then in command of the West India station, are full of details of quarrels between English traders, determined to have their share in the trade of South America, and the Spanish *guardacostas*, such as led to the war of Jenkins's ear. They show, too, that the good old principle, "there is no peace beyond the line," had believers little more than a century ago. The English authorities do not seem to have given these adventurers the protection they had once afforded them. Perhaps the growing difficulty found by England

in suppressing smuggling in her own North American possessions may have had something to do with her newly-conceived tenderness for the trade laws of Spain.

The burning question of smuggling occupies the first place in the letters of the governors of the Plantations in these years. Two long letters of Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, to Lord Hillsborough, on the 25th of August and 10th of September, 1771, give curious details as to the amount of tea smuggled into New England and the open defiance of the law by the colonists. The Custom-house officers are intimidated from doing their duty by the "rage of the people." Governor Hutchinson has no hope that the officers on shore can stop the traffic, and is indeed convinced that they secretly sympathize with the offenders. He can only suggest an increase in the number of revenue schooners and higher rewards to the officers for captures. But he also makes it plain that he thought the only measure likely to be effectual would be lowering the price of the tea to the figure at which the Dutch sold it. In fact, he saw, as all the world will in the long run come to see, that the only way to stop smuggling is to make it unprofitable. The disputes on constitutional questions with the colonies are only occasionally mentioned. In the South the Royal Governor of North Carolina acknowledges that he is well supported by the respectable part of the colony in his efforts to suppress the Regulators, described as "certain lawless rascals in that part of the world." But the steady hostility of New England to the connexion with the Mother-country knew no pause. The letters of Governor Hutchinson give abundant details, not uncoloured by his personal dislikes, of their fraternal opposition. It is not often that in the despatches of serious official gentlemen we meet such a sentence as this:—"Some of them ('the restless faction,' to wit) one would not choose to meet in the dark, and three or four at least of their corresponding Committee are as black-hearted fellows as any upon the globe." If Governor Hutchinson had had the fear of publication in the papers before his eyes, he would probably have been more cautious in his language, and we have to thank the official jealousy of the time for preserving something of the free and vigorous expression of feeling which makes much of the charm of the early series of State Papers. The feelings of many Ministries about many Oppositions would probably come to something very like that, translated into every-day language. In another letter we find him saying that a war with France and Spain would probably bring the colonies to their senses, an opinion which has a curious look in view of what was to happen within a few years. In a letter of June 15, 1772, he describes an answer of the Massachusetts House of Representatives as "drawn by Mr. Adams, in a coarse, illiberal style." It would appear that the tone of American political discussion is a tradition of respectable antiquity.

We have said that the papers referring to Ireland are the most interesting in the volume, and they are by far the most numerous. It would be impossible even to mention the numerous letters to and from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland which will well repay attention. They deal with the years of Lord Townsend's waning popularity and final retreat from Ireland, and the tone which marks the purely political ones is very curious. They show that Lord Townsend never realized what he had done by destroying the power of the Irish oligarchy. He never shows that he saw how completely the Irish Parliament had taken its place as the real opponent of the English Administration, or recognized it as representing any national feeling. The name of Flood, then at the height of his power, is barely referred to as the leader of the Opposition. The despatches are full of lamentations over the brazen conduct of various lords and gentlemen who, after he, Lord Townsend, had found places, pensions, and promotions for themselves and their relations, were still shameless enough to vote against His Majesty's Government. In fact, as regards the real nature of the questions at issue between the Lord-Lieutenant and the Parliament, very little is to be learnt from these papers. They are more instructive as illustrating the social condition of Ireland. In 1770-1772 very much was going on which is being repeated in 1880-1882. Mutilations of cattle, murders and attacks on landlords, accompanied by refusals to pay rent, were rife in some parts of Ireland; and, to complete the resemblance, they—at least the refusals to pay rent—had a considerable share of the sympathy of Her Majesty's Government. No toleration was, however, extended to disorder. A Mr. Johnston of Newry, having been attacked in his house, had sufficient confidence in the support of the Government to make a resolute defence. Later on we hear of him as hunting down the offenders with a zeal that bordered on vindictive cruelty. Traces still survived of the old violent misconduct of the troops. In a letter of the Lord-Lieutenant's of 2nd March, 1770, he gives an account of a court-martial on Major Elias Wrixon, of the 38th Regiment, who was found guilty, among other things, of "forcibly taking away a young woman from her parents, with the assistance of non-commissioned officers and soldiers under his command, and detaining her in the barracks of Hamilton's Bawn, in the co. Armagh." He was discharged from the service, but it does not appear that he was otherwise punished. The discipline of the army was probably not unconnected with its disgraceful administration. Barracks and every other necessary seem to have been wanting. Giving commissions as a means of political corruption—a scandal which, if it did not begin, increased very greatly on the accession of George III.—was carried to a far greater length in Ireland than in England, and the powers given in this way were often used as might have been expected.

* *Calendar of Home Office Papers of the Reign of George III., 1770-1772.* Edited by R. A. Roberts. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

"It would be a shame," says Lord Townsend in the course of a report on the barracks, dated 16th October, 1770, "to repeat with what ease some who pretend to be friends to Government would send a troop of cavalry to cultivate a barren estate." He goes on to add that "he hopes His Majesty will at no time allow such a misapplication of his troops." His Majesty was not destined to find it so easy to stop short when he had once begun to use his troops as means of bribery. Lord Townsend's laments over the state of the Irish Establishment and the abortive efforts to improve it are like prophecies of the wretched military break-down which produced, or at least rendered possible, the existence of the "Volunteers of 1779" and the consequences of their activity. On the 22nd of February, 1770, Lord Weymouth writes to the Lord-Lieutenant expressing His Majesty's approval of a plan which "proposes nothing less than the re-establishment of English government in Ireland upon a proper and constitutional footing." Allowing for differences of phraseology, that is what every Lord-Lieutenant has been doing ever since till the words have come to sound like a jibe. Meanwhile, as for the state of Ireland, "plus ça change et plus c'est la même chose."

Along with important papers on questions of general policy we have others which throw light on the general condition of the country. The administration of justice is copiously illustrated by long lists of criminals condemned to death, and the very frequent commutation of the sentence to penal servitude. The sentence was, however, not constantly commuted, as we see from an application by the Postmaster-General, under date of the 20th of August, 1770, for the body of "one Robert Hazlitt, who was sentenced to death at the last Durham Assizes for the robbery of the Newcastle mail on Gateshead Common, to be hung in chains." The judges refused the order, "but respited the execution to give time for an application for that purpose." As if to give further proof that there is nothing absolutely new under the sun, we learn that a persecution of the Jews in Poland about this time caused the flight of many of them to England. But these refugees gained little sympathy from anybody. Their applications for relief exhausted the treasury of the synagogue, and the misdeeds of some of them who took to violent courses caused no small trouble to Sir John Fielding.

Among general miscellaneous matters, not the least interesting is the curious "Satan's invisible world displayed" of spies, political and other, adventurers, and wails generally, who came into connexion with the Secretary of State. One of the most curious is a certain D'Aubarede, who made a living for some time out of the English Government by representing himself as having a commission from certain Mexicans to prepare a rebellion against Spain. It may safely be said that of much the greater part of his story all that was not lying was delusion, but it probably had a foundation in truth. To the same category of nondescripts belonged one Barth. Brown, who, on behalf of himself and three other convicts in Newgate, sends a petition to the Admiralty, as it would appear, applying to be allowed to volunteer for the fleet. That was common enough; but Mr. Brown's petition is distinguished by having a copy of verses attached to it for the purpose of softening the heart of the man in authority, from which we quote the following lines intended to illustrate the horrors of Newgate:—

Soon as the silent shades of night advance,
Ill-omened birds do croak and vermin prance.

What answer was given to Brown we are not told, but we trust his petition was granted.

THE FIXED PERIOD.*

WHILE this story was gradually unfolding itself in the pages of *Blackwood*, reader and author were, we suspect, often at odds. The subject was an amusing one; but what did it all mean? The leisurely self-possession of the narrator, whoever he might be, showed the practised writer, thoroughly at his ease, and accustomed to carry his reader along with him in willing subjection; the reader, however, on this occasion, always looking for something that did not come, and reading on, therefore, in a state of unfulfilled expectation. Was it a political squib—a satire on human nature, after the manner of Swift? He was impatient to come to the point, to guess the riddle. The monstrous deviation from the life and law that we know, reminding him of Swift, led him to expect something of Swift's tone in the treatment. Are the people he is introduced to, who are half grotesque in their divergence from the instincts and prejudices of humanity and half a simple reflex of it, who have consented as a community by a voluntary act to cut life short and deprive themselves of old age, set in contrast to the Struldbrugs, who impressed Thackeray with the horrors of a drivelling earthly immortality? And, if so, will the grim suggestion of legalized murder, which is only not murder because it is law, be relieved and lighted up by flashes of Swiftian humour? The story, as it develops itself, scarcely comes up to such anticipations, and the reader, balked in his expectations, finds himself wishing that it had been enlivened by a little more humour. Not that this essential quality of humour is wanting; but the hero who relates his experience is a very grave person, and apt to repeat himself—very naturally, being what he is, but now and then beyond the patience of his auditor.

* *The Fixed Period*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Blackwood & Sons.

The name of the author, however, throws a stream of light on any such perplexities. When we once know the tone to expect, things arrange themselves in accord with it. No change of circumstances can make Mr. Trollope's personages act otherwise than naturally in the commonplace acceptance of the word. And for the motive the reader need go no further than to consider the author's favourite quality, the power that keeps the world going. The story may be regarded as a sort of epic intended to exhibit dogged obstinacy in heroic proportions. Mr. Neverbend, the President of the Republic of Britannula, having persuaded his compatriots, "the élite of the selected population of New Zealand," on their first establishing themselves towards the end of the twentieth century in a fertile region in the South Pacific, to pass the law of a Fixed Period, relates his long struggle with human weakness and inconsistencies in his endeavour to carry it out. The question had been the first thing discussed by the Assembly, Neverbend himself being thirty at the time. The community, being all young together, had very cheerfully entered into his views and followed his statistics, which proved to their satisfaction that, "when our population should have reached a million," the sum saved to the colony from the maintenance of an unproductive class would amount to 1,000,000*l.* a year.

It would keep us out of debt, make for us our railways, render all our rivers navigable, construct our bridges, and leave us shortly the richest people on God's earth.

And this immense saving was to be effected on the most humane principles—in fact, for the pleasure as well as advantage of all parties. A college was to be built to receive the old, to which they were to retire in honoured seclusion for the one year preparatory to Euthanasia, which no care for the world they had quitted was to be allowed to disturb. So far all were agreed. No natural death was to be permitted that was not also premature death. But thus early some slight differences arose in the Assembly as to what should be the Fixed Period. The young members were for setting the date at sixty, which, however, Neverbend at the time of writing his narrative considers too early, adding, however, as self-evident, that at sixty-five a man has done all that he is fit to do. The older members had, however, something to say for seventy, and finally, as a compromise, the majority settled the period at sixty-seven and a half.

And here we pause to note a coincidence (for calling attention to which the author would be the last to require an apology), which may be observed by any one who will consult that self-elected Peerage of genius, *Whitaker's Almanack*. This *multum in parvo* obliges the reader with the date of birth of famous men still living amongst us—a distinction necessarily including Mr. Trollope—and in the April column it gives a date which may render this compromise an interesting and suggestive point to the constructor of the fable before us. It bears upon the same line of thought—as we are speaking of coincidences—that Mr. Neverbend notes as one of the reasons why England, from which the colony has separated itself, disapproves of the enlightened policy of Britannula, that she is governed by old men. Sir William Gladstone, great-grandson of the celebrated Premier, and occupying the same office, is, we are told, seventy-two at the time when his Government tyrannically interfered to stop the first act of Deposition by pointing a 250-ton steam swiveller against the college in the moment of opening its gates to the first victim, under the personal direction of the inexorable President who tells his tale of disappointed patriotism. This discovery suggests to the reader the possible hidden meaning he has been in search of. And Gabriel Crasweller, the sheep-farmer, with whom everything had gone well, who on first starting on his career of success had so blindly believed in his friend Neverbend, may represent the brilliant author in the first ardour of genius, to whom the present sense of power is everything, and age too far off, too alien from present interests, to be thought of, or thought of otherwise than as a period of dead inaction. If this surmise may be entertained, nothing can be more apt than the life and vigour that render Mr. Crasweller so inconvenient an example for the first ceremony of Deposition. Not only was he as careful as ever about his flocks, and as capable as ever at shearing-time and wool-packing, but also at the Tenpenny Readings (for in thriving Gladstonopolis it was as easy to collect ten pennies as one) Gabriel Crasweller was the favourite performer:—

And it had begun to be whispered by some catiffs, who would willingly disarrange the whole starry system for their own immediate gratification, that Crasweller should not be deposited because of the beauty of his voice.

However, Neverbend has one firm adherent, Grundle, who is engaged to the daughter, heiress of all the doomed man's wealth, and who also suggests a parallel:—

"It would be a pity," said to me a Britannulist one day—a man younger than myself—"to lock up old Crasweller and let the business go into the hands of young Grundle. Young Grundle will never know half as much about sheep, in spite of his conceit; Crasweller is a deal fitter for his work than for living idle in the college till you shall put an end to him."

There was much in these words which made me very angry. According to this man's feelings, the whole system was to be made to suit itself to the peculiarities of one individual constitution. A man who so spoke could have known nothing of the general beauty of the Fixed Period.

It is only through the interpretation we have hazarded that the language of Britannulans towards this measure can satisfy the requirements of the position. They are so very reasonable in their objections, and express themselves so entirely in the everyday tone which is natural and easy to Mr. Trollope, that there is no understanding how the Fixed Period ever became law. The whole society

ought to have been bitten by the same mad snake, and traces of it ought to linger about their ideas and modes of expression. We miss the "surprises and strokes of merriment" which should bring all into accord. It is quite proper that a man's daughter should object to her father's being forcibly shut up for a year, then having his veins pierced by a lancet under agreeable circumstances, and finally being cremated; but her arguments, expressed in Mr. Trollope's easy style, are so very just and to the point that there seems no purpose in recording them. It is a case, thus treated, on which nothing new can be said. It is quite true, as Crasweller says in conclusion, when the rescue from England has come, that

The Fixed Period, with all its damned certainty, is a mistake. I have tried it and I know it. When I look back at the last year, which was to be the last, not of my absolute life, but of my true existence, I shudder to think what I went through. I am astonished at the strength of my own mind in that I did not go mad. No one would have made such an effort for you as I have made.

It must be granted that there are wills in the world that play a public part not unlike Mr. Neverbend's, and that people may be seen to submit to them as much against the grain, and yet as submissively, as in the case here. In the story Neverbend makes but one admission of failure, either in the principle or detail of his scheme for the renovation of the world, and this is in the matter of the chimneys which form a picturesque feature in the college grounds, having their part to play in the final euthanasia. "The sight of those chimneys!" says Crasweller. "That was a mistake, Crasweller; that was a mistake. The cremation should have been elsewhere." These chimneys furnish a legitimate opportunity for Mr. Trollope's turn of humour; but, separated from the context which leads up to the indulgence of horrible pleasantries, examples of this humour would scarcely gratify the reader.

There is an amusing colloquy between Neverbend and the curator of the college for the deposited, who, as being an official and getting his living by the scheme, is loyal to the President; while his constitutional gloom makes him keenly alive to all the minor difficulties of the plan, and up in all the small talk of the subject, especially in the matter of these chimneys, which scare away the maids' lovers. "The girl we have given us notice, and she is the ninth within the year." It is a natural touch enough that makes him long for the Deposition to begin, with all the business and stir of the situation, and to doubt whether his wife can stand the present dulness another year:—

"The time is getting very short, Mr. President, and my old woman will break down altogether if she's told that she's to live another year all alone."

"They will all come; won't they, sir?" asked Graybody.

"Will come! Why, they must. It is the law."

"Tallowax swears he'll have himself strapped to his own kitchen-table, and defend himself to the last gasp with a carving knife."

Then comes the crux about Crasweller's age, which he has taken to under-date a year, and there are a lot of old women about who are beginning to tell terrible lies about their ages. "Do think of it all, Mr. President." This difficulty was to be overcome in the future by the ordinance that each baby should have the date of its birth tattooed on its back as a safeguard from these evasions; but the present had to be considered before the law should have taken root in the minds and habits of thought of the community.

In the meanwhile certain important young people are setting themselves against the Fixed Period. Eva, with feminine inconsequence, while accepting it in the abstract, thinks it very hard that papa should be the first. No doubt the world will be a great deal the better for it; she knows what a good thing it is to talk about; but you ought to begin with some weak crotchety old cripple who would be a great deal better out of the way. And Jack Neverbend, the President's son, actually makes speeches against it. He is supported by his mother, who embodies the commonplace, and seems more determined that while he lives her husband's health shall be well cared for than able to realize the uselessness of such precautions. When carried off under honourable arrest to England, her parting counsels, heedless of the bitterness of his wounded ambition, involve this:—"What has made me hate the Fixed Period worse than anything is that you have never thought of your victuals. At your time of life you should always have something warm—a frizzle or a cutlet—and you shouldn't eat it without thinking of it. I have put you up four pairs of flannel drawers, and a little bag which you must wear upon your chest."

A great deal of space is given to a cricket-match between England and Britannula, in which the colonists are the winners. But the reader must follow the fortunes of the game as well as the loves of the young people for himself. He will find a good deal to amuse, and something to puzzle him, in the motives and meanings that he may suspect to lie hidden. One thing, however, remains clear, that the author will allow of no fixed period for leaving off work and bringing a life's interest and occupation to a close.

THE BRITISH IN INDIA.*

IF a short treatise bearing the name of some irrepressible Indian Civil Servant, and discussing the decisions of English judges in the celebrated cases of "Stockdale v. Hansard," or "The Six Carpenters," or "Pigg v. Caley," were to make its appearance, a good

deal of surprise might be excited in legal circles. Possibly both seniors and juniors might unite to condemn the temerity of a writer who undertook to analyse or expound subjects in which he could not by any possibility have been trained. We even doubt whether the omniscience of the member for the Kirkcaldy Burghs would justify such an attempt. It might, therefore, by parity of reasoning be hastily affirmed that a celebrated equity lawyer could have neither the leisure nor the experience to write about Peshwas and Nawabs. But, as Dr. Johnson once said when wonder was expressed at the depth and variety of the attainments of one of his most eminent contemporaries, "Sir! it is no wonder at all." The late Lord Justice James was a man of broad views and acquirements; gifted with a vigorous intellect and forcible powers of expression; in every respect an ornament and a source of strength to the Bench. We can well believe, as intimated in the preface, that "he had for many years devoted much time and study to the history of the British rule in India," and that his "knowledge of the minutest details was so profound as to surprise many who had spent a lifetime there." At the time of the Behar famine, when several of the newspapers were jauntily inclined to impeach Lord Northbrook for not putting down all distress, as if it had been confined to the area of a single East-end parish, an Anglo-Indian of considerable experience, hearing the Lord Justice express a confident opinion in a contrary sense about the district of Tirhoot, asked him if he were aware of the extent of its population. "Yes, four millions," was the unhesitating and correct reply. The work before us represents the leisure which Sir W. James was able to spare from the grave studies of the law up to the year 1869, when he became a Vice-Chancellor. It had been his intention to treat the subject in two parts. One would have shown how the Empire was created by wars, treaties, and cessions; the other how it was civilized, improved, and governed. We gather that while the first part was left in a state fit for publication, the second is made up of incomplete and fragmentary essays, which subsequent events would have modified. Mrs. Schwabe, the daughter of the late Lord Justice, has therefore prudently contented herself with publishing the first portion of her father's essays; and we have no adverse criticism and not much comment to make on the manner in which she has discharged a filial and a pleasing duty. There are some obvious misprints—Banda for Baroda, Vaquel for Vakil, and Toombucram for the Toongabuddra River. We should have been glad if the authors of some of the quotations had been given in foot-notes; and in one case, by the failure to carry on the usual inverted commas, the Lord Justice is made to appropriate the flowing sentences of Macaulay about the Mahrattas shrinking from a conflict with the mighty children of the sea, and the immense rice harvests of the Lower Ganges that were safely gathered in under the protection of the English sword. But, in essentials, the editor has done her work with care and good taste.

Readers must not look in this work for animating accounts of sieges, battles, and marches sketched with a correct military eye; or for luminous disquisitions illustrative of native tenures and habits; or for original views of the policy of the statesmen who built up our Indian Empire, drawn from unnoticed public documents, or from masses of private correspondence lately brought to light for the first time. The merit of the volume lies in the clearness and correctness with which the main facts are put together, in its historical proportion and sequence, and in the fair, calm, and dispassionate verdicts which, with one or two exceptions, are passed on the motives and conduct of men who have at one time or another been extravagantly lauded or vindictively and falsely assailed. Sir William James writes as if he were still on the Bench, setting out his reasons for deciding the case of *Rex versus Hastings* or *Omichund versus Clive*, or ruling in the matter at issue between certain gentlemen trading in Leadenhall Street and one Richard Colley Wellesey. But we do not discern anything of that narrow and pedantic legal spirit which would substitute for a Viceregal proclamation the style and purport of pleadings at *Nisi Prius*, or weigh the good and evil of a vigorous ruler in the spirit of ordinary justice, which "knows nothing whatever of a set-off." Sir William James never forgets that his particular science of equity is the completion of that in which pure law, by its very nature, is deficient. His views are broad, sensible, and free from passion and prejudice; and if he holds an historical assize, and deals out praise and censure somewhat roundly, he never omits to take notice of those "extenuating circumstances" with which Frenchmen are so familiar. Occasionally, as was natural, we find illustrations taken from the legal profession. In reference to the disputes between the French and English in the middle of the last century and their adoption of rival Nawabs of the Deccan and the Carnatic, we read that, "to the body of the people it was as much a matter of indifference who succeeded to the power, as the result of a lawsuit between two adverse claimants is to the tenantry of an English estate." The grant of the Zemindary of the twenty-four Pergunnas to the East India Company after Plassey is "in substance little more than the grant of the county of Middlesex to the Corporation of London, or of the Duchy of Cornwall to the Black Prince." Elsewhere, however, the author shows himself sufficiently alive to the enormous power and the endless consequences involved in a grant of the *Dewani*, or revenue, of a district. Again, the Sikh warriors of the Khalsa are "subdivided into what English criminal lawyers would probably call gangs"—an insinuation at the hands of Serjeant Botherham which those sturdy warriors would speedily repudiate. The dispersion of

* *The British in India.* By the late Right Hon. Sir William Milbourne James, Lord Justice of Appeal. Edited by his Daughter, Mary J. Salis Schwabe. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

large masses of mutineers in 1857-8, called together from mere motives of anarchy and plunder and organized and disciplined by no one commanding spirit, is compared to the dispersion of "a large mob beaten by a few police out of one street and assembling in another." These and other illustrations are original and happy, and they are not brought forward in a mere spirit of legal pedantry.

We can recommend this work to the class of persons who wish to read, in a compendious shape, the story of the growth of the Indian Empire, which the author is justified in terming more wonderful than many a wild Oriental fable. We shall now confine ourselves to a notice of some of the late Lord Justice's historical decisions. For the part taken by Clive in the deception played on the Hindu banker Omichund, the Lord Justice has nothing to say. We have only to remark that the name to our thinking should be Umachand. Orme calls him Omichund, it is true, but then Orme's spelling is vague and erratic. It is remarkable that none of the early writers give the title or caste of this wealthy but unfortunate banker. A couplet still current in Lower Bengal credits him with a beard—a most unusual appendage to a Hindu except during mourning. "Who does not know," says the Bengali rhyme,

The club of Govind Ram,
The House of Ban Mali Sirkar,
And the beard of Omichund!

The rhymes in the original are *charhi* (stick), *barhi* (house), and *darhi* (beard). On the charge of fighting the Dutch at Chinsurah, at a time when England and Holland were at peace, Clive carries the Court with him. He was acting on the instinct of self-preservation, and against rivals whom the *de jure* native ruler of Bengal had ordered to quit. Clive, it might have been said, was carrying out the Court's orders in an action of ejection, in which everything had been legally done. A similar opinion is given about the acquisition of Bengal, Behar, and part of Orissa by the famous Imperial grant of August 1765. No one was displaced who had a better title. The East India Company and its representative had as much right to the Province as any Nawab of Bengal, whether deputed from Delhi or set up by the Council of Merchants at Calcutta. To Warren Hastings the author is generally fair, except with regard to the execution of Nundo Kumar; and it is instructive to find a lawyer of eminence reproaching the "intemperate and excessive assertion of power" by the Supreme Court in what are known as the Kashijora and Patna cases. In truth, nothing could excuse the scandal caused by the action of some of the judges of that tribunal. They arrested natives of high rank for offences avowedly committed outside their jurisdiction, interfered with the collection of the Government revenue, threw the Company's attorney into gaol, and attempted to arrest military officers in the precincts of their own cantonments. With regard to the execution of Nundo Kumar, we have once more referred to Sir John Kaye's article on Sir Elijah Impey in the *Calcutta Review*, in which original documents of weight and authenticity are quoted; and it there appears that, before the establishment of the Supreme Court, natives had been sentenced to death and actually hanged for forgery by a much inferior tribunal—the Mayor's Court of Calcutta—administering the English law by which Dodd and others, down to the time of Fautleroy, were sentenced to death. An acquaintance with the records of this celebrated trial would, we feel certain, have modified the indirect censures passed on Impey and Hastings.

Most persons will agree in the dissatisfaction expressed at Lord Cornwallis's Perpetual Settlement of Bengal, but not, perhaps, for the exact reasons stated. That the Zemindar was to have the power of settling Ryots on all waste and uncleared lands, and of assessing a fair rental according to the different kinds of produce cultivated by them, was quite in accordance with native ideas, and did certainly tend to promote "agricultural improvement." The mistake of 1793 was that the Government failed to secure whole classes of tenant proprietors in their possessions and rights, and that for many years it gave the Zemindars some grounds for an agitation against any further increase of taxation on any account whatever. But this audacious claim to exemption was cleverly reasoned down and reduced to an absurdity—if we remember rightly—by a masterly despatch from the Duke of Argyll. The smallness of the means, military and financial, by which the two Wellesleys obtained magnificent results in the field and in the Cabinet is very well brought out; and it is gratifying to find, with reference to the Governor-General's disputes with the Court of Directors, that, in Sir William James's opinion, Lord Wellesley really understated his case, and did nothing towards Tipoo, the Peshwa, and Holkar, "which it was not his full right and bounden duty to do." In these and other contentions our old friend, the "Paramount Power," which has been such a source of dire perplexity to Mr. Gladstone and a few others of less note, gradually assumes definite shape. Warren Hastings tacitly acted on it. Lord Wellesley avowed it, though not perhaps in the clearest language; and when the Pindarries carried fire and sword through Central India and intrigued with the Mahratta States, the same doctrine forced the Marquess of Hastings into vigorous and widespread action, in which even the Court of Directors, after doubt and hesitation, was compelled to acquiesce. We regret to say that a despatch approved by Canning when President of the Board of Control shows that very hazy and imperfect ideas had been entertained about Mahratta confederacies and Pindarry ruffians, as well as about the primary duty of the British Government to enforce authority, order, and respect for property and life.

We are a little surprised, after this, at the criticism on the first Burmese war. Of all campaigns undertaken by any Anglo-Indian Government, that of Sir A. Campbell can find the most abundant justification. There was really more to be said for it than for the later war against the same people and country waged in 1852. And, if the Lord Justice had lived to revise and publish his own writings, he would, we feel sure, have altered some expressions about the burden of the Arracan and Tenasserim Provinces. There is no part of the Empire which gives less trouble, pays better, or promises more for the future than Burma.

It is amusing to find an unexpected defence of Sir Charles Napier in these pages. Sir William James is not blind to the furious partisanship of the Napiers, and to the outrageous insults offered by one or other of them to the Court of Directors. But the case for Sir Charles Napier is, lawyerlike, put much better than the client could have done it himself. Outram, with his chivalrous feelings, was being deceived by the Amirs. They were prodigal of excuses and subterfuges while they were mustering forces in aid of fraud. Like most Orientals with something of a case, they managed to put themselves entirely in the wrong. And there is no doubt that our previous disasters in Cabul rendered some vigorous action with the pen and the sword, or both, imperative on the part of the Indian Government. It did not occur to Sir William James that the lenient treatment of Scindia at the close of 1843, after the battles of Maharajpore and Punniar, was thought at the time to have been partly due to the outcry about the annexation of Scinde. The popular as well as the official verdict on the case of the Amirs was expressed in a phrase of *Punch* which has lived down to our own time.

To Lord Dalhousie this work does not do adequate justice, and, indeed, as we approach its conclusion, we feel that here and there arguments for a review of judgment might have been urged with much force. To the enormous pension obtained by Sir John Malcolm for the ex-Peshwa and enjoyed by him for more than forty years, the Nana had not, either in law or equity, the slightest claim. The sum of eighty thousand a year was personal to his father, and the Nana was left by Lord Dalhousie in undisputed possession of accumulations of other property, amounting, it was said, to more than a million. Chillianwalla can hardly be termed "a complete victory" for us. It was a good hard fight, at the conclusion of which, if Lord Gough remained in possession of the field, the Sikh leader walked away from under the nose of the British troops and quite out-generalled his opponent. Chillianwalla bore a much greater resemblance to those battles so often described by Greek historians, after which both sides set up a trophy; and a Roman writer—Livy or Tacitus—might probably have employed such phrases for the Roman view of the result as *diu anceps prælium* and *accepta clades*. But these exceptions do not impair our confidence in the general fairness of the author's views; nor can we doubt that he was one who, while justly regretted for the clearness, strength, and soundness of his decisions, would probably have left his mark and would have risen to distinction in any other liberal profession.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF J. T. FIELDS.*

THERE are some books which have an interest and attraction quite apart from their literary value, and this is one of them. The author—whose name is not given, but whose interest in her hero (for it is not impertinent to assume that she is a lady) is evident—has unfortunately indulged in a style of writing which, if there were more of it, would be sufficiently displeasing. When a biographer, even with the best of all possible rights, talks about "a young girl being swept suddenly out on a tide more swift and strong and all-enfolding than her imagination had foretold, a power imaging the Divine life, the Divine shelter, the Divine peace," the celebrated cabalistic word of Southey's *Doctor* is the only reply that one feels inclined to make. When she further informs us that "Mrs. — was not only uplifted herself through the infinite beauty of spring and the silence which surrounded her in her wayside home of concord, but she shared a large measure of her feeling with her friends when she sent them the following letter"; and when there follows an astonishing circular epistle beginning "Beloved," and demanding to know "if I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence?" the candid recipient of these remarkable confidences can only say, "Really, madam, I don't know." Fortunately, however, there is very little of this stuff in the book, which is almost entirely made up of the diaries, letters, and general experiences of that most genial of American publishers, the late Mr. J. T. Fields. How fond he was of England and Englishmen, how devout a hero-worshipper in matters literary, his own books have already told, and it is also sufficiently well known that whoever of his guild might lie open to the charge of plundering English authors, he did not. This volume, however, supplies some new and interesting memories both of him and of the men with whom in his native country and in his numerous visits to Europe he came in contact.

Mr. Fields's first visit to Europe took place in 1847, when he was little more than thirty years old, but when he was already a prosperous bookseller and publisher at the "Hub." He came too late for the first and most distinguished literary generation of the century, except in the case of belated representatives of it like Wordsworth, Landor, and De Quincey; but he was intimate with

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of J. T. Fields.* London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

most of the chief representatives of the second. His first visit, like that of all good Americans, was chiefly occupied in hurried pilgrimages to Stratford, to Newstead, to Abbotsford, to Johnson's Court, to Stoke Pogis—and *à propos* of the last his biographer notes, not without pathos, that at his death but a few months ago the last thing he heard was the reading of Mr. Matthew Arnold's notice of Gray in Mr. Ward's *English Poets*. Of all the sights he thus visited, Abbotsford and Dryburgh seem to have made the most impression on him. In his first day in London he went through a curious professional experience, which in its way was also the fruit of literary enthusiasm, but which might not have occurred to any but a brother of the craft, by taking a round of the great publishers' places of business. A pleasant fable on this round of visits succeeding to the other might suggest itself to the Prior of the nineteenth century. One entry in his journal is suggestive to Londoners:—"The old apple-woman at the corner of Arundel Street wishes me all sorts of luck." Where is the old apple-woman at the corner of Arundel Street? Probably in "Arthur's bosom," in company with that still older greengrocer who used to sell dates and raisins (in the most delusive of screws) in front of Christ's Hospital. None of Mr. Fields's literary acquaintances in England seem to have been more congenial to him than Miss Mitford, several letters to whom are printed here. He tells her of all sorts of things—how Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* is going through the press; how he himself is preparing a complete edition of Mr. Browning, and an article on the less known and more recent English poets; how Daniel Webster has lately made "one of his great speeches touching Hungarian affairs." By the way, on the principles of the Monroe doctrine, what business had Mr. Webster to make a speech about Hungarian affairs? Then comes a passage which expresses the feeling of most people engaged on literary work, whether it be in the way of production or of publication. "I find at night huge piles of unfinished labour ready to stare upon me in the morning." This is probably the exact meaning of *ars longa*. From Miss Mitford to N. P. Willis is a considerable change, and it is quite possible that the readers of this biography will not put quite the same meaning as the writer probably intended on her phrase. "Willis writes with his accustomed grace." But we come back again to the author of *Our Village* with letters not merely from America, but from Paris and London; with anecdotes about De Quincey, and Louis Napoleon (not yet Emperor), and Hawthorne; and a dinner where the American visitor was "sandwiched between Carlyle and Landor" (surely a sandwich where adventitious mustard was unnecessary); and (the writer has got back to America by this time) about a mental vision in which a cricket-ground, and a pony chaise, and the author of *Alton Locke* all figure. Soon afterwards there is a good description, quoted from Mr. G. W. Curtis, of the shop or store or office or counting-house, or whatever it is to be called, of Ticknor and Fields in Boston—a description as pleasant as it is vivid. Then England is revisited (for Mr. Fields confessed, with unpatriotic frankness, that he was never long happy out of it), and many interesting incidents find a place, including a visit—the last—to Leigh Hunt, who declared that Shelley once said to him, "Hunt, we write love songs; why shouldn't we write hate songs?" The curious thing about this is that almost simultaneously with the appearance of this book a hate song of Shelley's has been published; and, as any one who knows anything about him might have expected, it proves to be a thorough Balaam's curse, beginning in wrath and ending in the mildest and most amicable of expostulation. Another thing that Hunt said on this occasion is worth noticing. "No one could describe Shelley." Some of not the least fervent admirers of the poet wish most fervently that certain critics had borne this warning in mind.

A good deal of posthumous gossip about Robertson of Brighton and the record of an interview with Sydney Dobell follows, with an account of a dinner in Magdalen College, Oxford. Perhaps Mr. Fields might have found a more appropriate description for a chamber in Magdalen than a "queer old room," but it seems that he meant well. Shortly afterwards another and still more interesting dinner takes place at Florence with Landor. A reference to the "thunderbolts of wrath which seem to stand ever ready at the bidding of this old man" is an odd confirmation of a scandalous story lately printed in another book of reminiscences, according to which Julius Hare declared that Michael Angelo's "Jeremiah" alternately reminded him of Landor scolding his wife and Landor bewailing the absence of a dish of oysters. Then Jesse the naturalist makes his appearance with the perfectly true statement that Johnson's attack in his *Lives* on Shenstone is unfair, and that Shenstone is a charming poet as well as letter-writer. He adds that he possesses many of Shenstone's unpublished letters. Have those letters been published since? A little further on we come to an odd blunder, or at least evidence of ignorance, on the part either of Mr. Fields or his biographer. The late Mr. Severn, Keats's friend, writes from Rome, apparently, for the date is not given in 1859, and, says, "I am officious representative for all the liberated Italian nations." "Officious" has a "sic" appended to it in the text, as if it were not the strictly correct term for an informal but yet recognized representation in diplomatic language. Then comes another reference to De Quincey, which must concern his very last days, but which is not circumstantial, the biographer very properly saying that "it is impossible to quote from the private letters of his daughters." We only wish that the same decency of conduct were universally observed. It is no small praise to say of this

volume that, with the exception of the extraordinary epistle from Mrs. — already quoted, and of a couple of letters from Mr. Fields to private friends in a rather delicate situation, there is nothing given here which is not *publica materies* even to the most fastidious judgment. Considering certain scandalous breaches of good taste in this direction which have recently occurred in England, the fact deserves mention. Indeed the whole system of this department of literary morality seems to have been relaxed here. We lately read in the published correspondence of a deceased man of letters a reference to the style of a living writer which was of no conceivable public interest or importance, which must have given not a little pain to the subject of it, and which was originally written to a private friend, of course without a thought of publication. The duty of editors in such a case is clear; and this example, coming from a quarter where literary propriety is not supposed to be eminently observed, may be commended to all persons who have the papers of dead men to handle. Although the arrangement is on the whole chronological, the latter part of the book is chiefly devoted to American topics, perhaps because Mr. Fields's visits to Europe then became less frequent, perhaps from some principle of selection and adjustment on the part of the biographer. Some of the Transatlantic worthies mentioned are not very well known in England, but they are doubtless well known in America. Here is a specimen of the home anecdotes:—

Mr. Fields was a warm friend of Charles Sprague, who one day told him an incident relating to the composition of his fine Shakespeare Ode, which should not be forgotten. Mr. Fields had mentioned one passage which he thought especially good, the one descriptive of the murder.

"Ah!" said Mr. Sprague, "how well I remember the day I wrote that. I was keeping a grocer's shop on Tremont Row at the time. It was a cold, stormy winter's day and I was alone in the shop sitting over a sheet-iron stove. I had just reached this passage and was hoping nobody would come in when a man opened the door and asked for a quart of train-oil. Well, sir, I filled his vessel for him and handed it back, and then, my hands reeking with train-oil, I finished that passage."

We hope it is not improper to say that it is impossible to avoid reading this without a reminiscence of the dialect in which it was probably spoken. It is certainly characteristic enough of American talk in its conventional form.

The interest of such a book as this naturally consists rather of its anecdotes about persons other than the hero. But it would be unfair to conclude this review, in which, as in all such cases, the mention of a few and the citation of still fewer of the good things of the volume has been the only possible means of giving an account of it, without adding that the idea of Mr. Fields given by it is altogether a pleasant and satisfactory one. If he seems to have worn his heart a little more on his sleeve than is the British fashion, it was a thoroughly good heart, and they must be singularly ill-conditioned daws who would peck at it. His avowed affection for England was not mere *xenomania*, which is not much more creditable in Americans than in the inhabitants of any other country. Possessed of no inconsiderable literary abilities himself, he seems to have had the heartiest admiration for literary ability in others, and to have united, as far as was practicable, the utmost good nature with shrewdness and ability in a business which is not usually supposed to develop or encourage benevolence.

SUGGESTIONS IN DESIGN.*

MR. LEIGHTON'S part of this book is mainly confined to the separate plates, which are a hundred and one in number, and to the smaller illustrations of the "descriptive and historical letterpress" supplied by Mr. James Collings, the architect. The impartial reviewer finds himself, therefore, in a somewhat embarrassing situation. Two elements, so different in themselves as to be perfectly discordant, go to make up one book. The "letterpress," or, to use a modern printer's term relating to illustrated books, the "libretto," is of a certain quality, of which the small illustrations belonging to it partake more or less. The full-page pictures are of another, and, unfortunately, a very different quality; and, with the strongest desire not to disparage the labours of a veteran in art, one who has done good and unobtrusive work for our culture during long years, we must decline to praise them. In fact, as we find to our cost, it is difficult even to criticize them. Mr. Leighton has attempted what no man living could expect to perform, and has failed more completely than some other artists might have done. He calls his designs Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Gothic, heraldic, or miscellaneous, as the case may be and the fancy of the artist may direct; but all are in one and the selfsame style—that so long known by the name of Luke Limner. Mr. Leighton has dropped his pseudonym, but he has not changed his hand. Even where a drawing is ostensibly copied, as, for example, in the griffin called Assyrian in plate vi., it is plainly seen. The faun and nymph dancing in plate ix. needed no letter L in the corner to assure us that they never appeared on a Greek vase. The sea-horses in plate liv.—where, by the way, they support a shield in which the scallops are upside down—are first cousins to the Assyrian griffin, but have little relationship to any really heraldic animal. This remarkable sameness pervades even designs supposed to be Japanese, and is only the outward symptom of what must, for want of a less unpleasant term, be called the innate commonplace of every drawing; the most obvious

* *Suggestions in Design.* By John Leighton, F.S.A. London: Blackie.

proof of which is to be found, perhaps, at plate xcvi., where we have a series of "trophies" which no artist who had the vaguest feeling for the true beauty of Greek or Gothic art could possibly have conceived, much less carried out. No meaningless combination of forms, however beautiful in themselves, will yield satisfactory ornament; yet nine-tenths, nay, nineteen-twentieths, of the patterns here represented are nothing else. The hundred and one plates have on the average perhaps half a dozen designs apiece, so that they comprise some six hundred separate drawings. Some of these must be better than others, but we have honestly and conscientiously waded through page after page without finding one that can be particularized with favour. The "Moorish" and the "Gothic" pages show that Mr. Leighton has not yet grasped a single principle of either Saracenic or Christian mediæval ornamentation. Plate xxxvi., for instance, exhibits nine separate drawings labelled "Gothic," and not one of them except No. 2, a piece of perfectly conventional perpendicular, quatrefoil panelling, has any but the faintest resemblance to true Gothic work—the "Gothicism" being apparently only in the use of the pointed arch. One has heard children talking mock Italian, which consisted of English words with an *o* tacked on to each. Mr. Leighton's Moorish, Gothic, Roman, Greek, or any other style is founded on a similar principle.

The "libretto" is very superior, even in the illustrations incorporated with the text. Here apparently Mr. Collings has had a voice in the selection. An Egyptian pattern engraved at p. 25 strikes the eye as almost out of place in the volume. Not only is it true to the original in its regular irregularity, so to speak, but the effect of contrast and tone in colour is rendered with admirable delicacy. Mr. Collings, of course, begins the historical part of his essay with Egypt, after an account of "the ornament of savage and early tribes." Equally of course, he stumbles over the antiquity of the Pyramids, apparently adopting Mr. Smyth's absurd theory that those of Gizeh are the oldest. This is immaterial to the purpose of the book—the more so as Mr. Collings is careful to distinguish between the different periods of Egyptian art, which even Sir Gardiner Wilkinson never did. He is very right in allowing for the influence of Egypt on Greek art, an influence too often ignored by people who should know better. "The prototype of the Doric order is to be found in the Egyptian," he observes; "and the origin of the beautiful Greek anthemion ornament" may be "traced back through the Assyrian to the Egyptian." On the other hand, he claims a purely Greek origin for the so-called Etruscan vases, although some writers, "notwithstanding the fact of there being Greek inscriptions upon many of the vases, claim them as purely Etruscan works." For Roman art Pompeii is selected, though its remains are in truth thoroughly Greek—late and debased, it may be, but not Italian or Roman in general character. Whether all Roman decoration was of the same kind it is impossible to say. Few other examples of it, and none nearly so perfect, have come down to us. The chapter on Roman decoration, apart from Pompeii, is chiefly concerned with architecture. What Mr. Collings means by the following sentence we cannot make out:—"In the enrichment of the earlier Roman works Greek taste prevailed until about the time of Alexander." Who was Alexander? Perhaps Mr. Collings means Alexander Severus. He has just been speaking of the Baths of Caracalla. Some parts of the chapter on Japanese ornament are very prettily illustrated—in the text, that is—the full-page plates called "Japanese" being merely grotesque and below criticism. Mr. Collings warns us very wisely against the indiscriminate admiration of all things Japanese to which we have at present so strong a tendency. "For there can be no greater mistake than to suppose, because we find such subtle art feeling among the Japanese, that therefore all their work must be equally good." This advice is chiefly needed by amateurs, though, as Mr. Collings observes, those artists who affect the manner of the Japanese are likely to succeed only in imitating their errors. Persian and Moorish, or Saracenic, ornament are noticed at some length, but Mr. Collings throws no light on the question as to how far the beautiful tile-work, the plaster fretwork—the architectural style, in short, which we account Moorish or Saracenic, whether in Syria, in Spain, or in Egypt—may not have been the work of Greek or Byzantine artists, some, perhaps, captives in the service of the Moors. The dome certainly travelled eastward and southward from Constantinople, and even the minaret has lately been shown to be derived from the Greek design for a lighthouse.

We need not follow Mr. Collings through the rest of his chapters. They tell the tale of the waxing and waning of taste in various countries, a tale we see told in countless other books at the present day. In addition, there are some sensible remarks on the theory and practice of design, from which we learn such trite and well-established principles as that supports should be upright and not twisted, and utility should be considered before decoration—principles which were certainly not very clearly in the mind of Mr. Collings's coadjutor when he made such designs as some of those we have noticed. The contrast between the letter-press and the pictures is more conspicuous here than anywhere else. There is not one of Mr. Collings's "general principles" which is not transgressed over and over again by Mr. Leighton. In this respect a very fair exercise of the critical faculties of pupils might be secured by such examination questions as, "Mr. Collings says ornament in relief should not be added to or overlaid upon the construction; show how Mr. Leighton has dealt with this injunction." Or, again, "Mr. Collings

says, work should not be thrown away by an object being made too elaborate for its position; illustrate this from Mr. Leighton's plates." In short, Mr. Collings points out the way, and Mr. Leighton points out the results of not walking in it. This is the more to be regretted, as, although good taste can never be taught, bad taste is easy; just as any butcher boy can howl "Nancy Lee," but it needs genius to sing "Adelaide." On this ground, if on no other, we should look on such a book as this with the utmost distrust. We cannot see that a student is made a better artist by knowing about all possible styles without a careful and painstaking mastery of one. The great principles are the same in all good styles, but the instinctive power which grasps these principles "nascitur non fit." An artist like Mr. Alma-Tadema, brought up in the strictest sect of the mediæval school of Baron Leys, is not thereby debarred from becoming our greatest classical painter; but all the teaching of Mr. Collings, supplemented by the monsters of Mr. Leighton and their mouths "with horrid warning" gaping wide, will not help any artist who has already the root of the matter in him, while they will materially injure the taste of the doubtful or the struggling student who, for want of originality, is forced to copy more or less exactly the works of others. Many men have attained, and even deserved, a great reputation by working in a style not of their own devising. This has been the case with some of the greatest architects both of the Classical and also of the Gothic revival; but the rules of classicism could not disguise the genius of Inigo Jones or of Wren, any more than those of mediævalism have prevented great and original work from being done in our own day.

THE LAND OF THE MORNING.*

IT is characteristic of the want of originality which distinguishes the Japanese that they possess no native name for their country. The name by which it is now known to them was given it by the Chinese, who, arriving at the islands on their voyages eastward, called them Nihon Koku, or Country of the Orient. By the natural process of phonetic change these words are now pronounced by the Chinese Jih-pun Kwo, and have become in the mouths of foreigners Japan. The strange awakening which has taken place of late years in this Land of the Orient has encouraged writers to symbolize the new birth of civilization in their Anglicized versions of the Chinese name, and we have as results such equivalents as the Land of the Rising Sun, or, as Mr. Dixon paraphrases it, the Land of the Morning.

To this Land of the Morning Mr. Dixon went in 1876 to undertake the duties of a professor at the Imperial College at Tôkiyô, or Yedo, as it used to be called before the old landmarks were swept away in the revolution which abolished the Tycoon and developed an Emperor out of the semi-deified Mikado. Having been brought in the course of his daily duties into intimate relations with numbers of the more intelligent youths of the capital, and having had abundant leisure in the intervals of work for travelling and sight-seeing, Mr. Dixon had ample opportunities of studying the people during his four years' residence in the country. These opportunities have not been wasted by him; and we find in his pages a truer estimate of the Japanese character than we have met with in any other work. For the innate courtesy and good humour of the people, for their cleverness and bravery, and for their naturally forgiving disposition, he gives them full credit. But his appreciation of these good qualities does not blind him to their many faults, of which probably their fickleness, conceit, and shallowness are the most conspicuous. Like every one else who has followed the course of recent events in Japan, he is astonished at the rapidity with which sweeping political changes have been effected; and searching, by way of an apology, for a similar revolution in history, he has chosen one of the worst instances which we should have thought it possible to find to illustrate the change in affairs:—

We have [he says] a parallel in the history of the Jewish race. So long as the law of Moses was rigidly observed, and therefore no encouragement given to intercourse with the surrounding nations, the people were the last people on the earth to have their name associated with commerce; but after their dispersion, when scrupulous adherence to their law yielded to the necessities of their situation, they gave evidence of an aptitude for trade such as no other race has ever surpassed.

It is seldom that a simile is complete, but it is difficult to imagine a worse one than this. If there is one quality more than another which distinguishes the Jew, it is the maintenance of his national characteristics; if there is one thing more than another which distinguishes the Japanese, it is the ease and indifference with which he throws overboard everything he possesses which is nationally distinctive. Besides, long before the dispersion of the Tribes—in fact, through the whole history of the Jews—their aptitude for commerce was conspicuous, and it only received a further development when the people migrated into lands where every other pursuit but that of trade was closed against them. The Japanese, on the other hand, have never shown any marked commercial capacity; and, finally, while the Jews became guests in foreign lands, the Japanese have become the hosts of foreigners.

But Mr. Dixon's facts are more important than his metaphors,

* *The Land of the Morning: an Account of Japan and its People, based on a Four Years' Residence in that Country.* By William Gray Dixon, formerly one of the Professors in the Imperial College of Engineering, Tôkiyô. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1882.

and it is interesting to follow him into his class-room, into the streets and shops of the cities, and on his excursions into the interior of the country. Of the untiring industry of the students at the college he speaks with unbounded praise, and would be inclined rather to check than to encourage the undue zeal with which they devote themselves to their new studies:—

Not content [he tells us] with attending classes most of the day, making their study encroach on the hours of recreation, and sitting in the common hall of the dormitory until the lights were put out, the more zealous [of the students] would retire with their books to their rooms, and when these also were left in darkness, crouch under the lights in the passages, dressed in their overcoats and mufflers to resist the cold night air. On the night before an examination, groups of such shivering figures might have been seen, if any one had been traversing the comfortless corridors at untimely hours.

Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Buckle are the favourite authors with Japanese students, who seem to consider that knowledge pure and simple is the panacea for all political and social evils. Religion they regard as foolishness, and, having shaken themselves free from the trammels of Buddhism, they refuse to submit to the restraints of any other form of belief. Being for the most part ignorant of the deeper truths of Buddhism, and regarding its modern form as part of their old national system of which they are so unreasonably ashamed, they look upon it as a subject beneath their notice, and are either unable or unwilling to give any information whatever concerning it. This laxity in religious matters has spread even among the priests of certain sects, who, now that all State aid has been withdrawn from them, seem disposed to return to the flesh-pots of civil life. Among the best-informed and more consistent followers of Sakyamuni, however, the prevailing scepticism has produced an opposite effect, and certain of their number are now in Europe studying Sanskrit in order that, by acquainting themselves with the pure and primitive teachings of the founder of their faith, they may be able to revive the dead souls of their countrymen. At the present time the Japanese have possessed themselves of that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing, and which, as Mr. Dixon points out, produces a proneness to undue and premature self-satisfaction. But, while fully admitting this, it cannot be denied that they have accomplished many and great reforms. Putting on one side for the moment the complete and radical change in the form of government, the network of educational establishments which they have spread over the Empire is a striking evidence of administrative energy; and the wise and liberal provision they have made for the instruction of women shows that of all Oriental nations they are the first who have recognized the true position of women in the social world. The fact that these civilizing agencies are manufactures rather than growths is naturally productive of strange and marked contrasts between the old and new orders of things. It is difficult to imagine, for instance, that side by side with ladies' colleges and advanced girls' schools such a scene as the following, described by Mr. Dixon, could possibly find place:—

Apreros of Japanese public baths is an amusing incident related to me by an English fellow-resident, a professor in one of the Tōkiyō colleges. He was journeying in the interior of Japan, and one evening, feeling very hot and travel-stained, and being less fastidious than most of his countrymen, he entered one of those large common baths. While performing his ablutions in a quiet corner, he caught sight of a man who had seemed to have recognized him, for he was approaching with smiles and frequent bows. This was none other than his college servant, attached to his own class-room in Tōkiyō. But the most amusing part of the scene had yet to be enacted. After a polite salutation, the man begged the professor to allow him to introduce his wife and family, who were with him in the bath. And there in the water they all met, bowing to one another with an obsequiousness worthy of the most conventional circumstances.

But violent political and social changes must necessarily produce incongruous contrasts, which are equally apparent in little things as in great. The Tōkiyō official spoken of by Mr. Dixon, who on one New Year's Day appeared dressed in Japanese clothes, flannel drawers, swallow-tail coat, and opera-hat, merely symbolized in his attire the contrasts which surrounded him in every part of society. What can be more inconsistent, for instance, than to adopt foreign forms of government, foreign laws, foreign systems of education, and foreign means of travel, and at the same time to restrict all foreigners to prescribed limits of territory, and to hamper in every way their right of travelling either for business or pleasure. No foreigner of any nationality is allowed to move beyond the Consular limits at each port without a passport, on which are inscribed the terms on which it is alone granted:—

The object of the journey must be health, botanical research, or scientific investigation; the bearer must not light fires in woods, attend fires on horse-back, trespass on fields, enclosures, or game preserves, scribble on temples or walls, drive fast on a narrow road; he must conduct himself in an orderly and conciliatory manner towards the Japanese authorities and people; he must, under pain of arrest, produce his passport to any officials who might demand it; and must not while in the interior shoot, trade, conclude mercantile contracts with Japanese, or rent houses or rooms for a longer period than his journey requires.

It will be a long time before the old leaven of Oriental suspicion and distrust will be entirely eradicated from the new life of the people. And certainly, so long as it is as prominent as it is at present the Japanese Government must expect to have its protests against the treaty right of extra-territoriality disregarded by the European Powers. It is quite true that at the present moment the laws of the Empire are in harmony with Western codes; but the Japanese have not as yet given sufficient proof of their constancy in any direction to warrant that faith in them which would justify foreign Governments in entrusting the rights and liberties

of their subjects to the guardianship of the native courts of justice. The promulgation of just laws and the adoption of European science do not constitute all that is necessary to place a new country on a level with the kingdoms of the old world. Japan cannot expect to evade that apprenticeship in civilization which her forerunners have all had to serve. "Good medicine," says a native proverb, "is bitter to the taste"; and it will be well if the Japanese find in the annoyance they now profess to suffer motives for the cure of some of the political ills under which the country is still groaning.

It is obvious to those who choose to read between the lines of Mr. Dixon's pages that he is conscious that life in Japan is not so enjoyable to an official in the Japanese service as to an untrammelled foreigner. The faults which disfigure the Japanese character are just those which make their yoke galling, especially to a European; but once beyond the reach of official life, and the whole aspect of existence is changed. There is a joyousness and good humour about the people which is particularly attractive; and the splendid climate and lovely scenery which form an appropriate background to the bright faces and merry laughter of the people complete a picture on which Mr. Dixon, in common with every writer on Japan, delights to dwell. Twenty centuries ago a Chinese Emperor, inflamed by the superstitious beliefs which were current at the time, despatched an embassy to discover the "Happy Islands of the Blest," and with a true instinct his ambassadors shaped their course for Japan. With equal discrimination they never returned to China, and we expect that every one who reads Mr. Dixon's work will consider that they were wise in their generation.

RAILWAY LAW.*

WE are not surprised that it has taken two authors—both of them competent barristers, and one a voluminous and able writer—to produce this work. For it is a marvel of wide design and accurate and complete fulfilment. Railways have been in active working in this country for well-nigh fifty years, and the interests involved, the risks and dangers of the road both to passengers and goods, the due co-ordination of public convenience and encouragement of private enterprise, have proved fertile subjects both of legislation and litigation. Half a century has sufficed to nearly settle the law on most points connected with railway administration, and to render the subject ripe for such an exposition and codification as it has now received from the hands of Messrs. Browne and Theobald. Both authors are peculiarly suited for their task. Mr. Browne has served a long apprenticeship as Registrar to the Railway Commissioners, thereby acquiring intimate knowledge of the particular class of cases which come before that tribunal, while Mr. Theobald has fairly earned the reputation of a good general lawyer, with an unusual facility for communicating his knowledge through the medium of print.

As we have hinted, railway law, in the wide sense of the term in which the authors have approached it, is by no means derivable from one source. In the first place the railway must be made; recalcitrant landowners along the proposed line must be coerced into parting with the required portion of their land on reasonable terms, while at the same time their property must not be arbitrarily confiscated for the benefit of others. In such case the Lands Clauses and the Railways Clauses Acts are called into requisition, their powers being incorporated with the special Acts which Parliament sees fit to grant to projected railway Companies or to existing ones proposing to extend their operations. The steps necessary to the obtaining these private Acts constitute the greater part of what is known as Parliamentary practice, the most remunerative field of barristerial labour. Messrs. Theobald and Browne give in an appendix the Standing Rules of the House of Commons with regard to Railway Bills, which will be useful to those who find themselves for the first time before a Committee. The Lands Clauses Act is printed at full length, each important section being illustrated with pertinent notes and copious references to decided cases. As an instance of the lavish and minute care which has been bestowed on the book, we would specially refer to the notes and cases appended to Section 80 of the Lands Clauses Act, which occupy just eleven pages, all relating to the costs which under certain circumstances the promoters of the railway may be liable to pay; and all this is honest useful work with no fictitious padding. Equally valuable are the notes and authorities collected with respect to Sections 18, 49, and 68 of the same Act, the two sections on which mainly hinges the important question of compensation for lands compulsorily surrendered or injuriously affected. With regard to the latter point the cases are particularly well arranged and distinguished, with reference to the true principle that compensation can only be recovered for damages which, but for the intervention of the special and incorporated Acts, would have constituted ground for an action at law; though the converse proposition—namely, that compensation can be recovered for any injury otherwise actionable—is not equally applicable, seeing that the Act only contemplates damage to land or an interest in land (p. 176).

We regret, however, to notice a dictum of the learned authors which appears to be at variance with the law as most recently laid down. Commenting on a case in which it was laid down that

* *The Law of Railway Companies.* By J. H. Balfour Browne, of the Middle Temple, and H. S. Theobald, of the Inner Temple. London: Stevens & Sons. 1881.

no compensation could be claimed in respect of a right of shooting over the lands of another, part of which lands were taken by a railway Company, on the ground that the right had not been granted by deed, they designate this ground as "wholly untenable" (p. 177). On the contrary, we consider it a very valid ground indeed. An irrevocable license to go on to another man's land, if it be only the right to a stall at a theatre for the evening, cannot be conveyed otherwise than by deed; and, unless we are much mistaken, Mr. Justice Bowen has within the last few months specifically decided the point with reference to the right of shooting. The right clearly falls within the class known as "profits à prendre," and not within that which includes the grant of a chattel with liberty to the grantee to go on the land for the purpose of possessing himself of the chattel, in which case a deed may be unnecessary. Incidental to the formation of a line is the question of payments to landowners in consideration of their not opposing the Company's Bill in Parliament. The legality of such contracts has been much disputed, and the conclusion arrived at by Messrs. Browne and Theobald is that though such contracts are *ultra vires* of the Company, yet they are not illegal, even though the landowner be a peer, unless it can be shown that the money was for the purpose of influencing his vote. Another important point on which the authors adduce the latest authorities is as to the ratification and adoption by a Company of contracts entered into by its promoters before the Company acquired a corporate existence. It was long held that nothing the Company could do would avail to render such contracts binding upon it; but the cases quoted in page 510 fully justify the conclusion arrived at, that the older authorities must be treated as overruled, and that the Company may either expressly or impliedly accept the obligation of such antecedent undertakings.

Suppose, then, the Company to have been incorporated and to have opened its line with the sanction of the Board of Trade and started working it. A new class of rights and liabilities then arise which form the subject of another division of the book before us. The various provisions of the Carriers Act and the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, by which the Company are enabled to limit or escape their liability for the loss of goods entrusted to them, are very ably dealt with, although by reason of the arrangement adopted by the authors—namely, that of chronological order according to the dates of the respective statutes affecting railways—these two Acts, which have practically to be read together, stand with their attendant notes and explanations at the respectful distance of four hundred pages from one another. It is a symptom of the rapid growth of railway law that two very important cases on these Acts have been reported since the publication of the book, and naturally find no mention in its pages. The cases are *Gordon v. The Great Western Railway Company*, 8 Q. B. D. 44, and *Miller v. Brash and Company*, 8 Q. B. D. 35, and should be added as references, the former in p. 3 and the latter in p. 401. The former case decided that the delay occasioned by a box destined for Rome being by mistake forwarded to New York was a temporary loss, from liability for which the Company might invoke the protection of the Carriers Act; and the latter is an important authority as to the construction of special contracts under the Canals and Railway Traffic Act. Passengers, unfortunately, as well as goods, occasionally meet with accidents on railways; and Lord Campbell's Act, by which the representatives of persons killed on railways or otherwise may recover compensation for their loss, is duly inserted, with such references to decided cases as seem necessary to elucidate its provisions and working. The principles on which railway Companies are held responsible for accidents resulting in death or injury are very well expounded in pp. 304-312, which contain a full list of cases illustrative of various classes of accidents, and the rules by which negligence on the part of the Company's servants is distinguished from inevitable misfortune or neutralised by negligence on the part of the injured person himself. The question of liability to one servant for damages inflicted by the negligence of a fellow-servant is of course now almost entirely regulated by the Employers' Liability Act, which Messrs. Theobald and Browne print at length, appending some few selected cases to show the principle on which the decisions proceeded prior to that enactment.

The liabilities to which Companies are subject with respect to goods deposited in the cloak-rooms receive due notice; and the often-repeated, but invariably defeated, attempts of railways to extort from passengers travelling without tickets, but also without intention to defraud, the full fare from the station from which the train started, furnish an array of adverse authorities sufficient to deter any Company from such a course for the future. We wonder how long it will be before railway Companies will recognize the inevitable, and expunge from their notice-boards the absolutely futile and ineffectual by-law under which they claim this right—a by-law obviously incongruous with Sec. 103 of the Railways Clauses Act, 1845, as seeking to impose on the mere omission to take a ticket a penalty possibly greater than that section allots to a definitely fraudulent attempt to escape payment of the fare. We do not find any authorities or suggestions as to the vexed question of clipping tickets; possibly Mr. Woodgate or some one else may get the point settled in a superior Court in time for a second edition of the book. Questions often arise as to preferential advantages accorded to one consignee or customer over another by railway Companies; and the task of compelling Companies to afford reasonable facilities for forwarding goods and utilizing their communications, and of settling disputes as to through rates over the systems of various Companies, consti-

tutes the main portion of the work allotted to that comparatively new tribunal, the Railway Commissioners—a body whose functions are described, and some of whose decisions are reported, in this book, presumably by Mr. Browne, as having exceptional acquaintance therewith. Here we learn that it is not within the province of the Railway Commissioners to entertain applications for such increased facilities on the part of passengers—a fact the more to be regretted when it is considered how very slow railway Companies, as a rule, are to recognize and meet the requirements of those who travel on their lines. The last stage of a railway Company's existence is when the line is found not to pay, and has to be abandoned. This cannot be done without the authority of the Board of Trade, and the dreary preliminaries to such a "happy despatch" are to be found in "The Abandonment of Railways Act, 1850," duly embodied by the authors in their work. Besides the matters above more particularly dealt with, the Telegraph Acts, the Labouring Classes Dwelling House Acts, the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, and a variety of others more or less directly connected with the subject of railways find a place in Messrs. Theobald and Browne's book, and serve to swell its dimensions to a comely, yet not ponderous, bulk, and render it a complete and valuable repository of all the learning as to railway matters which ought speedily to supersede the now somewhat antiquated *Hodges on Railways*. A glance at the "Table of Matters and Statutes," at the long list of cases cited, and the carefully arranged index, should serve to convince the most incredulous of readers that he has ready to his hand information on any point within the scope of the work; and the evidences of care which abound throughout the book are a sufficient guarantee for the general trustworthiness of such information. Errors may creep into any book; but we are bound to say that Messrs. Browne and Theobald's book is singularly free from them.

A MERE CHANCE.

THIS is an Australian story, and it is practically a biography of Rachel Featherstonhaugh, a girl who had "grown up a sensitive little gentlewoman, full of delicate thoughts and tastes, in the midst of dull, uncultured people of sordid cares and occupations, and of uncongenial surroundings of all sorts." She was a woman of no ordinary kind, as we shall shortly proceed to show. Indeed, we do not know that we ever read of a greater physiological curiosity. She blushes through half the book with what may fairly be termed forty-horse power, and throughout the other half her heart beats like a steam-hammer. To give some faint idea of her powers of blushing, we may say that on a certain occasion she was "one tingling blush from head to foot," and it is sufficient to say of her heart's action that it was capable of making noise enough to prevent her hearing "the sonorous crash and thunder" of an organ which is described as "an enormous instrument." A deeply-tinted Venus with heart-action capable of drowning the crash and thunder of an enormous organ was surely a *lusus nature* which any reviewer might feel justly proud of introducing to the public. But we must exhibit our treasure in some of her other blushing feats for the edification of our readers. She begins by blushing like a rose; then she "blushed to a hue that put her scarlet salvia to shame"; next she became "the colour of an oleander blossom"; a couple of pages later, "her red rose was not redder than she was." After that she cooled a little—"those delicate blushes always coming and going"—but very soon the colour of the oleander reappears on her cheeks, and then she looks "down bashfully, with oleander blossoms everywhere." A little later "she had the colour of a peony in her cheeks," and two pages further on she became "scarlet all over her ears and down her throat." Who, we may proudly ask, except our prodigy, has ever been known to blush all down her throat, to say nothing of all over her ears? At one time "she blushed the deepest crimson to the roots of her golden hair"—it had been "ruddy auburn hair" a few pages back—sometimes she "called her retreating blushes back"; now there was a "torrent of blushes that flowed over her pretty face," and now she began "to blush violently." Every now and then, when she had nothing better to do, she "blushed one of her ready blushes," just as heroes in some novels "look one of their old looks." Up to the day on which she became one tingling blush from head to foot, she had performed what the penny-a-liners would call "the hitherto unprecedented feat" of blushing no less than twenty-four times in five chapters. When we contemplate this preternatural creature—one tingling blush from head to foot, and even all down her throat, and silencing powerful organs with the palpitations of her heart—we cannot be surprised at reading that one of her admirers discovered in her "a new kind of woman." By way of experimenting upon this newly-found curiosity, he kissed "her burning face," with this interesting result, that "the spiritual woman in her protested against being kissed." "She gasped, with a touch of hysterical excitement, extricating her pretty head, and standing appealingly before him, with her pink palms outwards." From whence she extricated her head we are not informed, so we can only conjecture that the operator had got it into what pugilists term "chancery." We own to being too stupid to understand the full importance of the question whether her pink palms were outwards or inwards,

* *A Mere Chance*. A Novel. By Ada Cambridge, Author of "In Two Years' Time," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1882.

although the most trifling movement on the part of so extraordinary a creature must undoubtedly be interesting. A man whom she had met for the first time in her life described to her a "tremendous tragedy of love and revenge," which "dwarfed all her theories of life to the merest trivialities." Ordinary young ladies might, under the circumstances, have done nothing more than listen attentively; but our heroine began to "wonder, and tremble, and cry," although the tremendous tragedy had happened some time before, and did not affect her or her friends in any way whatever. The person who told her the story endeavoured to persuade her not to think of it again in these touching words, "Will you try not to?" whereupon she "blew her nose for the last time, put her handkerchief in her pocket, and smiled a tearful smile." It is comforting to know that she was so far mortal as to blow her nose and carry a pocket-handkerchief. When the gentleman who had interested her so much with this tragedy of love and revenge wished her good night, he very naturally shook hands with her. Now with commonplace girls, such a commonplace proceeding might not have been fraught with any very serious consequences. Not so with our prodigy, however. "That first, brief hand-clasp stirred her erstwhile latent woman's soul to life. She was never the same afterwards." No wonder! To have had her erstwhile latent woman's soul stirred to life was a mystery which, while we cannot comprehend it, we can quite believe to have been something too serious to jest about.

We have already described the effect of both kissing and hand-shaking upon Miss Rachel Featherstonhaugh; we will now give an account of the singular result produced upon her by music. First, "it filled her soul with a great wave of suffocating emotion"; secondly, "it ran, like an electric current, over all her sensitive nerves"; thirdly, "it contracted her white throat with a choking pain that was like incipient hysteria"; and, more horrible still, "it set abnormal pulses bounding in her brain." This is one of the most charming descriptions of the effects of music that we ever met with. Put into plain English, it would come to this—first it suffocated her; then it electrified her; then it throttled her; and, finally, it gave her a splitting headache. We have also referred to the prodigious powers of the heroine's heart. It is unnecessary that we should weary our readers by detailing all its throbbings and beatings. They may, however, be interested to learn that it was a parasitic heart—a "poor, parasitic little heart, full of spreading tendrils." In one place its action was so peculiar as to be worth mentioning. It "was beating very fast, beating in her ears and in her throat, as well as in the place where its active operations were usually carried on." The tendrils were evidently far-reaching. Once, poor thing, she "was deafened by the noise of her own loud-beating heart." This was when she was listening "for the sound of buggy wheels," which were to bring to her side the hand-shaker who had stirred her erstwhile latent woman's soul to life. On another occasion she felt "all her body like one great beating heart." We suppose that when this happened, fatty degeneration must have spread over the whole system. Thus much for her heart, her soul, her ears, her throat, her hair, and her complexion.

We now approach a mystery much more serious. "But," proceeds the tragic tale, "there was a part of her" which, "in spite of her emotional fluctuations," refused to be reconciled to certain degradations; and mark what follows! "It was a tough and vital part of her." "Since this was violently repressed . . . there was a great vacuum somewhere—a great emptiness for which no compensating interests were available. Hence that serene inexpressiveness of mien and manner which had so mature and distinguished an air." Now this miracle surpasses even that of the music. The heroine's tough and vital part had been violently repressed until a vacuum—a great emptiness—had been created in her somewhere, where we are not told. All this suggests much pommelling and squeezing. Such a treatment of any part, however tough and however vital, would, one imagines, be painful and distressing; but its only effect on this wonderful girl was to produce a serene inexpressiveness of mien and manner. Yet, although she could endure the repression of her vital parts until vacuums were created, with a serene expression, she could at times be anything but calm in either mien or manner. On the day of her wedding, for instance, she was scarcely seated in the carriage which was to convey her and her bridegroom to the station, before "she began to cry—almost to scream—in the most violent and alarming manner." It was not surprising, under such circumstances, that "the bridegroom, aghast," should exclaim, "My dear love! my sweet child! . . . for heaven's sake, don't make a scene in the street, whatever you do!" "By a strong effort she checked the headlong impulse to rave and scream," holding "herself in with shut teeth, and tight-locked hands, wildly sobbing under her breath"; and it is satisfactory to read that "she became quiet and tractable" "before they reached the railway-station."

It is time that we noticed some of the other characters in this extraordinary novel. One of these is Rachel's aunt. The thing which struck us most in the history of this lady was that on a certain occasion she "unbuttoned her furs, as if to give her bosom room to swell." There is a poetry in this expression which is very charming. Then there is Rachel's first husband, whom we first meet "with a waxed moustache and a slender umbrella, carried musket-wise over his shoulder." He expressed himself as never having been "so fetched" by any young lady as the heroine. We read that his constitution had been enervated and shattered by years of un-

wholesome indulgence. He dies towards the end of the third volume, to make way for the man whom his faithful wife has loved madly throughout the whole six years of her married life. "You can—have him—now," says the dying husband, "only tell him—not to—not to—lead little Alfie" (his son) "into bad ways." "He will not—he could not," eagerly replies his affectionate wife. "He is a good, good man, though people think he is not"—he had committed something very like murder, and had narrowly escaped getting hanged for it—"He will take care of little Alfie, &c." This is one of the most remarkable speeches we ever read, even at the end of the third volume of an exceptionally silly novel. It is evident that, while nursing her dying husband, she had been calculating upon his death to enable her to wed the man she had guiltily loved during his life; and when he said that she "could have him now," she never for a moment implied that she had had the decency to postpone all calculations about marrying a second husband until the first was dead. Certainly, when he was no more, "she wept herself ill," and kissed his tobacco pipes; but "she wandered about her great silent house, in and out of the spacious rooms, making loving inventories of all the rich appointments, which had never had so much grace and beauty as now," because, let us add, she was going to confer them upon the penniless vagabond whom she had loved while her husband lived. It is some satisfaction to read of this lover that his horse "bucked him off"; but at last the exemplary pair were locked in each other's arms, and "drank together in one moment of speechless passion the solace and the sweetness of all the kisses that they *should* have had."

We have only dwelt upon the ridiculous style and the general silliness of this novel. There is another side of it, which we prefer to leave unnoticed. As we waded wearily through these three volumes, we made many notes of passages that appeared to us deserving of severe remark; but when we had read the last page of the last volume, we came to the conclusion that so weak and foolish a book, however objectionable its tone, could do no particular harm to any rational being. So it does not seem necessary to say more about it except that it is not what one would call a nice book for family reading.

MINOR NOTICES.

MISS LUSHINGTON (1) is one of the few living writers who have the gift and art of writing religious or semi-religious stories with a taste so perfect that nothing in her narratives can be a cause of offence to any reader. In her present work the author is concerned with the fortunes of a girl whose fine character is finely drawn, and who goes through various phases of life with complete credit to herself and complete satisfaction to Miss Lushington's readers. Mary Ellerton—that is the heroine's name—is driven by stress of circumstances at the beginning of the book to take for a time to hop-picking as an employment, being, however, specially careful as to finding a place and a company which are far removed from the unhappy associations which belong to a good deal of hop-picking. Even so she finds much that jars upon her nature, and the description of her less pleasant experiences in this part of her career, and of the manner in which her self-control enables her to support them, is given with a remarkably firm and delicate touch. The same praise may be fully given to the treatment of the love interest. Mary has three admirers—the finally repentant scoundrel, Colvin; the straightforward and manly farmer, Robert Southwell; and the soldier lover, Eastlake, to whom, or rather to whose memory, she remains constant throughout many trying scenes and circumstances. She is a distinct and well-drawn character, and such characters are not too common in books which have an obvious moral purpose. Not the least of Miss Lushington's merits as an author is that she never lays herself open to the charge of painting her personages either in deep black or in pure white. Mary Ellerton has faults, just as the rascal Colvin has merits which in the end prevail over his evil qualities. Cooper, Mary's first employer in the hop-picking field, his invalid wife, Southwell, and even Mrs. Blair, whose appearance is hardly more than momentary, are all lifelike, and convey the impression that the writer has thoroughly mastered and matured both the framework of the story and the nature of each character who figures in it before committing herself to print. In fine, the tone and the style of the story may both be heartily commended. It may, perhaps, be thought that Sergeant Eastlake is a little too impossibly good a character; but in answer to this objection it may be said that men equally good have no doubt existed, and that, as the sergeant appears very late upon the scene, the author has hardly any opportunity for indicating the weaknesses that may have belonged to him.

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the remarkable achievements in the field of English and French poetry of Toru Dutt (2), a girl who, to quote from Mr. Gosse's interesting and sympathetic preface, "was pure Hindu, full of the typical qualities of her race and blood, and, as the present volume shows us for the first time, preserving to the last her appreciation of the poetic side of her ancient religion, though faith itself in Vishnu and Siva had

(1) *Over the Seas and Far Away*. By Cecilia Lushington, Author of "Fifty Years in Sandbourne," &c. London: Griffith & Farran.

(2) *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*. By Toru Dutt, Author of "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," and "Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Anvers." With an Introductory Memoir by Edmund W. Gosse. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

been cast aside with childish things, and been replaced with a purer faith." Toru Dutt was, from a purely literary point of view, as startling an author as was M. Victor Hugo when he wrote *Bug-Jargal*, or Beckford when he wrote *Vathek* in an alien tongue. In one sense Beckford is the better parallel, since both the languages which Toru Dutt handled with astonishing skill, and something more than skill, were to her foreign. Toru Dutt, who "was the youngest of the three children of a high-caste Hindu couple in Bengal," was taken to Europe in her thirteenth year to learn English and French. She learnt both languages admirably, French better than English. She died at the age of little more than twenty-one, having produced work which warrants Mr. Gosse in saying that "it is difficult to exaggerate when we try to estimate what we have lost in the premature death of Toru Dutt. Literature has no honours which need have been beyond the grasp of a girl who, at the age of twenty-one, and in languages separated from her own by so deep a chasm, had produced so much of lasting worth." Mr. Gosse's introduction is, as we have said, interesting; but it is open to some objections. Mr. Gosse might, for instance, have avoided encouraging an evil literary—or so-called literary—habit which he countenances by telling us how on a certain day he, being in the office of *The Examiner*, and complaining of the dearth of books to review, had thrust into his "unwilling hands" by the editor a curiously printed book, which contained Toru Dutt's first published writings. This volume he found, with "surprise and almost rapture," contained the following verses, as to the exceptional merit of which no one is likely to disagree with Mr. Gosse:—

Still barred thy doors! The far east glows,
The morning wind blows fresh and free.
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?

All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song,
Light in the sky deep red above,
Song, in the lark of pinions strong,
And in my heart, true Love.

Apart we miss our nature's goal.
Why strive to cheat our destinies?
Was not my love made for thy soul?
Thy beauty for mine eyes?
No longer sleep,
Oh, listen now!
I wait and weep,
But where art thou?

It is in one way unfortunate that Mr. Gosse should have chosen to quote these lines as his first introduction to the certainly remarkable powers of Toru Dutt, since there is no kind of hint in the context of his being aware that they are a free and, in that sense, a most admirable, version of M. Victor Hugo's well-known "Aubade." Such a mistake as this, however, odd as it is, does not affect Mr. Gosse's critical position, as to which we are at one with him, any more than does the doubt as to whether he might or might not with advantage have left out a certain amount of his introductory matter. Toru Dutt had undoubtedly a rare poetic gift, which could not but have gained recognition even if it had not been exercised under unique, or almost unique, difficulties; and lovers of poetry will be grateful to Mr. Gosse for making them acquainted with her hitherto unpublished feats in English verse. The beauty and strength of the *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan* may be left to speak for themselves; but we cannot resist quoting from the few "Miscellaneous Poems" appended to them the first two stanzas of "Our Casuarina Tree":—

Like a huge Python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But gallantly
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among.
Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at nights the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darling from our tree, while men repose.
When first my casement is wide open thrown
At dawn my eyes delighted on it rest;
Sometimes, and most in winter—on its crest
A grey baboon sits statue-like alone
Watching the sunrise, while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near kokilas hail the day;
And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast,
By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

The *Doctor of the Rungapore* (3) is, it would seem, a first attempt in fiction, and as such it is not discreditable to its author, who has certainly given his readers plenty of incident in a compressed form. His own account of his writing the book is curious, and has a not unpleasant naïveté about it, as in the statement that he was "amazed to find the characters and situations presenting themselves one after another, and falling quite naturally into their proper places." There is, as a matter of fact, more situation than character in the little book, and situation occasionally of a fine, full-flavoured, melodramatic kind. But of one character, and that the most important one—his heroine—Mr. Gordon has made a decidedly attractive and lifelike study. If, having, as our forefathers had it, "commenced author," he is disposed to follow up his first venture with another, Mr. Gordon

will do well not to put his story in a form partly narrative and partly autobiographical.

His First Love and His Last (4) is a somewhat pointless little love story, turning on the prudent abandonment of a proposed marriage by the two parties to it, who occupy different ranks in life. It has the merit of being told with brevity and with good taste, and it must be admitted that these merits are, as things go, well worthy of recognition.

Mr. Cooke's translation (5) introduces us to a story which is clever in itself, and which has a special interest as a picture of Russian life in the time of the first Napoleon.

We have before us several volumes, both from the Old and the New Testament, of *The Cambridge Bible for Schools* (6), the general editorship of which has been entrusted by the Syndics of the University Press to the Dean of Peterborough. The Dean points out in a preface that he does not hold himself responsible for the interpretation of particular passages or for the opinions on points of doctrine offered by the editors of the several books. His aim has been "to leave each contributor to the unfettered exercise of his own judgment, only taking care that mere controversy should, as far as possible, be avoided. He has contented himself chiefly with a careful revision of the notes, with pointing out omissions, with suggesting occasionally a reconsideration of some question, or a fuller treatment of difficult passages, and the like." The Dean may be congratulated on the discretion which he has shown in the exercise of his own editorial functions and in his choice of the various editors who have worked under his control to produce an edition of singular interest and value.

Messrs. Chambers have issued, "in view of the extraordinary progress which has been made in the historical study of the English language" (7), an entirely new edition of their *Etymological Dictionary*. In every department of the work careful and ample revision has been exercised, under the able superintendence of Dr. Andrew Findlater, and no doubt the work will enjoy the popularity which it deserves.

The principles on which Mr. Bithell's *Counting House Dictionary* (8) has been compiled appear to us to be excellent. He has aimed at excluding all words found in ordinary dictionaries, used in the same sense by bankers and merchants as by the public, and inserting all technical words used by bankers and merchants, and not used by others except in connexion with banking and mercantile affairs. No pains have been spared to secure completeness for a work which has a unique value, and even philology has not been neglected. Of the mystic words "backwardation" and "contango"—words almost as great as Mesopotamia—Mr. Bithell gives a lucid explanation, which may relieve many distressed minds. Of *contango*, philologically, he writes that "it seems to be connected with some of the following words in the Italian and Spanish languages, but the derivation is irregular and uncertain. Spanish, *contar*, to count, to reckon, *contante*, ready money; *conta*, reason, satisfaction; Italian, *conta*, delay (an obsolete word, but coming very near to *contango* in meaning); *danaro contante*, ready money; *a contanti*, in cash; *contare*, to count, to reckon; *conto*, account, reckoning."

The scope and aim of Mr. Emden's diligent and useful work may perhaps be sufficiently indicated by its title (9), and it may safely be recommended as a practical text-book and guide to all people whose fortune or misfortune it is to be interested in the construction of buildings and other works. One useful and original feature of the book is the glossary of architectural and building terms.

Mr. Sidney Ensor has made a collection of the Queen's Speeches in Parliament (10). The book has a well and carefully made index, and is in every way well brought out.

Messrs. Kegan Paul and Trench publish a new and, so far as we can judge from a cursory view, a good translation of Machiavelli's *Prince* (11). It is printed on paper which some book-hunters love, but which is to us peculiarly hateful.

The Statesman's Year-Book (12), the nineteenth annual issue, has appeared with its usual punctuality, and will, no doubt, meet with its usual welcome.

(4) *His First Love and His Last: a Story with Two Heroes*. By Anna Molison Clarke. London: Remington.

(5) *The Shalonski Family: a Tale of the French Invasion of Russia*. By Eugene Toor. Translated from the Russian by Charles James Cooke. London: Remington.

(6) *The Cambridge Bible for Schools*. General Editor, J. S. Perowne, D.D., Dean of Peterborough. Cambridge: University Press, and Deighton & Bell. London: Cambridge Warehouse.

(7) *Chambers's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*. A New and thoroughly revised Edition. Edited by Andrew Findlater, M.A., LL.D. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

(8) *A Counting House Dictionary*. By Richard Bithell, B.Sc., Ph.D., Fellow of the Institute of Bankers. London and New York: Routledge.

(9) *The Law relating to Building Leases and Building Contracts; the Improvement of Land by, and the Construction of Buildings*. With a full Collection of Precedents of Agreements for Building Leases, &c., together with the Statutes relating to Building, with Notes and the latest Cases under the various sections. By Alfred Emden, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(10) *The Queen's Speeches in Parliament, from her Accession to the Present Time*. Edited and compiled by F. Sidney Ensor. London: Allen & Co.

(11) *The Prince*. By Niccolò Machiavelli. Translated from the Italian by N. H. T. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

(12) *The Statesman's Year-Book for the year 1882*. By Frederick Marlin. Nineteenth Annual Publication, revised after Official Returns. London: Macmillan & Co.

(3) *The Doctor of the Rungapore: a Tale of To-day*. By Ross Gordon. London: Warne & Co.

Mr. Elton has written a singularly interesting booklet—it is neither book nor pamphlet exactly—on Custom and Tenant-right (13). He takes for his motto, humorously enough, a passage from *The Plain Dealer*, which it is curious to find that he has slightly misquoted—if, that is, Leigh Hunt's edition is to be trusted. According to this edition the words are:—

Mrs. Blackacre.—No; there you are out, child. Hear me, captain, then. There are Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre; and, being so seised, John-a-Stiles disseises the Ayle, Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dies; and then the Pere re-enters, the Pere, sirrah, the Pere (to Jerry), and the Fitz enters upon the Pere, and the Ayle brings his writ of disseisin in the post; and the Pere brings his writ of disseisin in the Pere, and—

Manly.—Canst thou hear this stuff, Freeman?

Mr. Elton reads:—

'Sdeath, Freeman, can you listen to this stuff?

Mr. Macleod re-issues in a collected form the lectures which he delivered on credit and banking, at the request of the Council of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland (14). They are remarkable for clearness of matter, method, and style.

The *Pocket Law-Lexicon* (15), issued by Messrs. Stevens and Sons, may be recommended as a very handy, complete, and useful little work.

We have to note the appearance, with its invaluable map, of *The City of London Directory for 1882* (16).

Among the sixpenny editions of well-known books lately issued we find one of *Sartor Resartus* (Chapman, Hall, & Co., Limited); one of *Tom Brown's School-days* (Macmillan); and one of Mr. Burnand's *New Sandford and Merton* (Bradbury, Agnew & Co.).

For the third volume—*Amelia* (17)—of Messrs. Smith & Elder's new edition of Fielding, Mr. Small has drawn some spirited and excellent illustrations.

The Cambridge Press issues a second edition of Dr. Kennedy's *Agamemnon* (18). Scholars will find a good deal to interest them in the introduction to the new edition.

From the Clarendon Press at Oxford we have a second edition of Professor Chandler's *Introduction to Greek Accentuation* (19).

One of the most interesting of the series of "American Actors" (20) which we lately noticed is the volume which deals with the Jefferson family. Like Mrs. Clarke's *The Booths*, it has more to say to the past than to the present, and this is perhaps as it should be, since all students of the drama are thoroughly familiar with the admirable Rip Van Winkle of the present Mr. Jefferson. The natural regret that he has, with the exception of two parts in farce, appeared only in this character to English audiences is intensified by Mr. Winter's singularly graphic description of his performance in other parts. Mr. Winter's book contains much that is of permanent interest in the history of the stage; but perhaps the passages we refer to show best how well he is fitted for the task he has undertaken. Mr. Jefferson's Bob Acres is the subject of a remarkable piece of description. His view of the character is, it would seem, practically new, and we feel tolerably convinced that it is also true. He

has considered that a country squire need not necessarily reek of the ale-house and the stables; that Acres is neither the noisy and vulgar Tony Lumpkin nor the "horsey" Goldfinch; that there is, in a certain way, a little touch of the Wildrake in his composition; that he is not less kindly because vain and empty-headed; that he has tender ties of home and a background of innocent, domestic life; that his head is completely turned by contact with town fashions; that there may be a kind of artlessness in his ridiculous assumption of rakish airs; that there is something a little pitiable in his braggadocio; that he is a good fellow at heart; and that his sufferings in the predicament of the duel are genuine, intense, and quite as doleful as they are comic.

(13) *Custom and Tenant-Right*. By Charles Elton, Author of "The Tenures of Kent," &c. London: Wildy & Sons.

(14) *Lectures on Credit and Banking*. Delivered at the request of the Council of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland. By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A. London: Longmans.

(15) *The Student's Pocket Law-Lexicon; explaining Technical Words and Phrases used in English Law; together with a Literal Translation of Latin Maxims*. London: Stevens & Sons.

(16) *The City of London Directory for 1882*. London: Collingridge.

(17) *Amelia*. By Henry Fielding. With Illustrations by C. Small. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(18) *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*. With a Metrical Translation and Notes, Critical and Illustrative. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek, &c. Second Edition. Cambridge: University Press. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Cambridge Warehouse.

(19) *Clarendon Press Series—A Practical Introduction to Greek Accentuation*. By Henry W. Chandler. Second Edition, revised. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

(20) *American Actor Series—The Jeffersons*. By William Winter. With Illustrations. London: David Bogue.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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